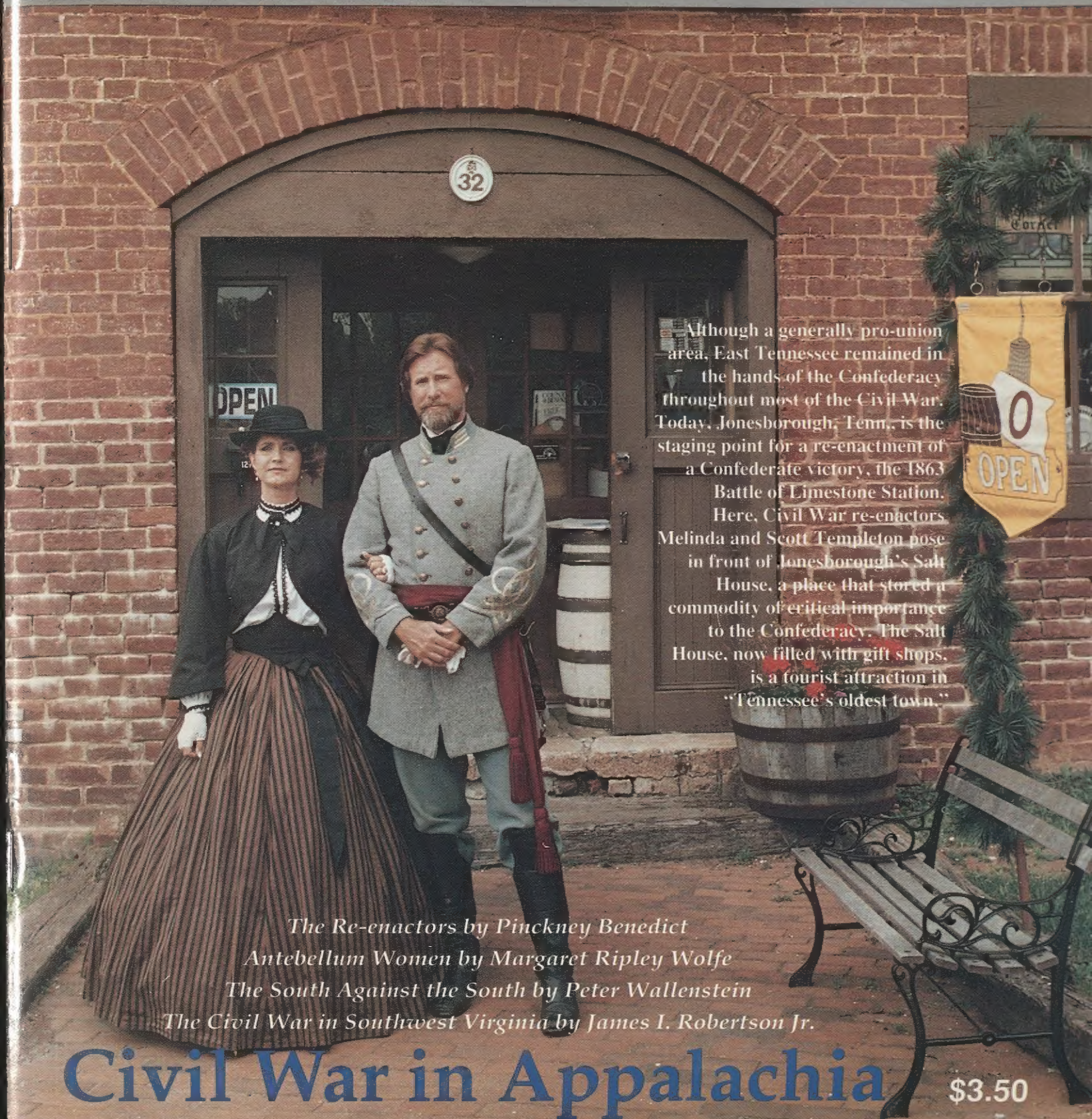
Slavery and Freedom • Cherokee Rebels • Battle Flags in School

NOW AND THEN

The Appalachian Magazine

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services /Institute for Appalachian Affairs • East Tennessee State University



Although a generally pro-union area, East Tennessee remained in the hands of the Confederacy throughout most of the Civil War. Today, Jonesborough, Tenn., is the staging point for a re-enactment of a Confederate victory, the 1863 Battle of Limestone Station. Here, Civil War re-enactors Melinda and Scott Templeton pose in front of Jonesborough's Salt House, a place that stored a commodity of critical importance to the Confederacy. The Salt House, now filled with gift shops, is a tourist attraction in "Tennessee's oldest town."

The Re-enactors by Pinckney Benedict
Antebellum Women by Margaret Ripley Wolfe
The South Against the South by Peter Wallenstein
The Civil War in Southwest Virginia by James I. Robertson Jr.

Civil War in Appalachia

$3.50

Articles • Interviews • Stories • Poetry • Reviews • Photos

Mississippi, 1964

Tailgate riders windblown to relief
from Mississippi summer rode daily
to the general store near the bayou.

Paw's carpenter hands, generous
on our biannual visits, passed
the jingles for Moon Pies, Orange Nehi,

cheese and crackers on the store porch.
Done farming and logging for the day,
sun-brown men whittle and spit

in the gravel and bottle caps out front,
wishing on the weather, talking trot lines
and other matters in a hush with caution

cast our direction upon litanizing
"uppity niggers, outside agitators and 'meetings'."
The summer of 1964, my twelfth,
gleamed hottest and Mississippi burned

with, for, and because of equality.
Paw left us on the other end of the porch;
white-hot conversation swarmed the group

like angry yellow jackets, rising to fury
by store closing at dark. Paw stayed
near that night, one of us either side

the porch swing, eyes on the black highway.
The hot, black tar clung for the next two months
to endless columns of young, green soldiers.

The last day of our visit, a parade in soldier
olive marched up from the back pasture,
parting the cattle like the Red Sea to deliver three

who like Shadrack, Meshach, and Abednego refused
bowing to tradition, unlike them, burned for truth;
body bags boldly visible from our porch.

We left Mississippi, home to cool Appalachia,
where great-Grandpas, one blue, one gray,
stood guard in sepia portraiture.

Walter Cronkite narrated what I saw
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Cooled only by the fact Paw's hand held mine
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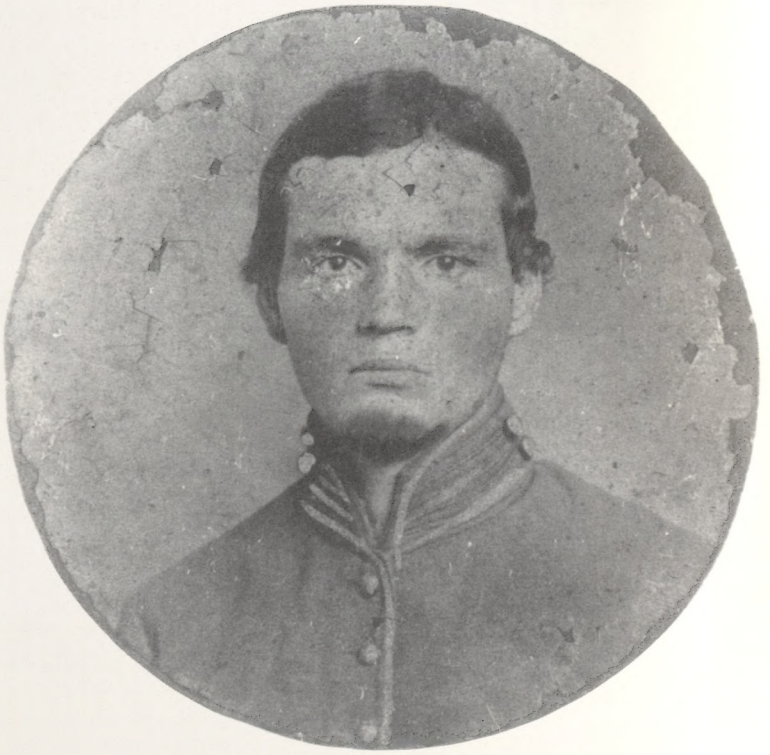

David Willis of Unicoi County in East Tennessee, joined a Confederate regiment in Buncombe County, N.C. His brother, Johnny, joined the Union army. The picture comes from an old locket.

— Photo courtesy of Willis' descendant, Jan Barnett

Jane Hicks teaches in Sullivan County, Tenn. Her poetry has been published widely. This poem is "pure autobiography." She was visiting her grandparents' farm in Neshoba County, Miss., when three slain civil rights workers were found nearby. "My grandparents' farm was searched, as was every square inch of Neshoba County. What shocked me was the fact that I must have seen or spoken to the people who did this horrible thing. It took me almost thirty years to articulate it."

Summer 1993
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— Phillip Paludan, writing of the people of Appalachia in

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Special thanks: Larry Smith, Jim Sledge, Jim McKee, Colin Baxter, Eugene Rasor, Kimberly Boyd and Tyler Blethen.

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— Phillip Paludan, writing of the people of Appalachia in ***Victims: a True Story of the Civil War***

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Transcending Ingrained Attitudes

Ken Burns' television series on the Civil War riveted the nation. It made many people recall family legacies from that war; others were moved by the poignancy of seeing photographs and hearing the words of those who fought the war; for others, the series rekindled old controversies over the causes and values of the war. This issue of *Now and Then* about the Civil War in Appalachia has had the same effect as the television series, provoking memories both proud and sad and concerns that were not laid to rest with those soldiers of long ago.

Although my father was one of those "unreconstructed rebels" and steeped me in the heritage of rabid Southerners, thinking about the Civil War saddens me. I think of my great-grandfather, Charles Albert Haskell, a member of the so-called Confederate Orphan Brigade out of Kentucky. He was decorated for heroism in the battle of Stones River, fought in a multitude of campaigns, including the two battles at Jonesborough, Tenn., featured in this issue, and spent some time as a Union captive. I think of John Cheeves Haskell, who left college for Christmas vacation in 1860 in South Carolina, became a Confederate soldier, rose to the rank of colonel, led the Confederate guns for Lee to the surrender at Appomattox, and lost an arm. I think of another young Haskell from Deer Isle, Maine, a Union soldier who died too young and whose family remembrances of him were featured in the Burns' television series. All three were members of a reasonably typical American family who left England in the 17th century for America (ironically right at the beginning of the English Civil War), settled in New England, then migrated south and eventually across the Appalachians into Kentucky. By the 1860s they had become a family divided by geography and loyalty. I am saddened when I think of these three soldiers and their families — my family — and how terrible their lives must have been in those dark years of the war. The tragedies of that war far outweigh its glories.

The Civil War was particularly hard fought in Appalachia, where divided loyalties occurred quite literally between brothers in the same family or neighbors from one farm to the next. The region was devastated economically and politically by the war, and reconstruction set perceptions of Appalachia on a path from which we have still not recovered. As Phillip Paludan said of the people of Appalachia in *Victims: A True Story of the Civil War*, "history wounded them, but they endured." In this issue, writers explore the ways in which the Civil War wounded Appalachia and how it still affects Appalachian consciousness.

In our efforts to promote understanding of the Civil War in Appalachia, the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services is sponsoring two special exhibits and a lecture at the Center's Reece Museum and exhibits and specialized archival lists from the Archives of Appalachia. In the spirit of interdisciplinary study, we offer you opportunities to learn about the Civil War and its aftermath in Appalachia through poetry, the visual arts, primary documents, essays and resources for your own research; we offer you the perspectives of historians, re-enactors, poets, photographers, of North and South, of men and women, of white and black.

Mary Lee Settle's fine novel about the Civil War in Appalachia, *Know Nothing*, offers an admonishment we would do well to heed as wars continue to rage in the world around us. As Johnny Catlett returns to the mountains of Virginia (soon to be West Virginia) to fight in a war to which he feels only duty, not commitment, he wonders if he, and others like him, "were fated to be know nothings, to question, to see beyond their attitudes, but not to speak." In this issue, we do question, we do try to transcend ingrained attitudes, and speak.

—Jean Haskell Speer, Director

Battlegrounds

We were newly-married and living near Vicksburg
where we picnicked on battlegrounds,
tagged monuments big as Goliath.
The Ohio memorial was a killer.
War dead named thick as New York City phone books.
We were Confederates and invincible as David.
You ignored those Yankee statues like you
ignored Surgeon General warnings.

Older now, we perch on a border state
like crows on a fence not sure of anything.
The up-and-coming migrate, playing leapfrog
state-to-state. The Mason Dixon line is but
a crack in the sidewalk. But when I hear
a Buckeye talk, I see Atlanta in flames.
I truly regret that the Sultana sunk near Memphis.
No matter what side you're on, you feel guilty.

My Grandmother's story went like this:
Uncle Clifford sent those Union soldiers
on a wild goose chase. They had asked the
twelve-year-old for directions. He tricked
the Yankees like it was one big snipe hunt.
Mississippi was full of mischief and magnolias.

Kentucky has a history mixed like nuts and bolts.
Order up bar-b-que or kraut and weiners.
The Civil War was a divorce here.
I go in circles like those Yankees
just thinking about it.

— Marge Fulton

Marge Fulton's poetry and stories have appeared in several Southern journals. Her story "Fishing with Lazarus" appears this summer in the ***15th Annual Writers Workshop Anthology*** *at Hindman. She lives in Hazard, Ky., with her husband and three children.*

The Never-ending War

I am working on a book on Appalachian veterans with Bert Allen, a psychology professor at Milligan College and a Vietnam veteran. The idea for the book comes from an issue of *Now and Then* we compiled in 1987 on Appalachian veterans. The Civil War re-enactors I interviewed for this issue had some of the same sense of excitement that I have heard from combat veterans I have interviewed. A nurse who helped set up an evacuation hospital in World War II remembered living under fire as the most exciting time of her life. Nothing could equal it. Nothing but that constant facing of death would ever make her feel so alive again.

Civil War re-enactors say the guns and artillery overwhelm their senses as soldiers wearing blue and gray run across the fields, the colors flying and cannons shaking the earth. For a moment, some say, in the midst of this carefully prepared fantasy, they make the leap and are at war. It is war but not war. It is like a great roller coaster ride, terrifying and thrilling, but ultimately not dangerous.

I find this disturbing. My goal in working on an anthology about veterans is to show the profound damage of war. The nurse I interviewed suffered the aftereffects of her wartime service for more than 40 years. She suffers still. No one wants to re-enact World War II or Korea or Vietnam. Many people who remember those wars are still trying to forget. But no one remembers the Civil War firsthand. The history of that war is almost as detailed as these later wars, so we can imagine the courage and commitment and fear of the soldiers and civilians. But we don't have any of the survivors jolting us out of the glorious military fantasy with their nightmares.

Yet the Civil War is still with us. It changed the nation forever. That is why an issue of *Now and Then* on the Civil War in Appalachia is so relevant.

Much of the current social, political, economic and emotional state of this region can be traced to the issues that brought about the Civil War.

My first inkling of the war's importance and relevance was finding how many people knew so much about the Civil War. From knowing the names of soldiers in a nearby battle to learning the kind of trim a woman might use on her bonnet, people from all over the country share a passion. They talk and disagree excitedly and in great detail. They seem more interested in and more familiar with a local skirmish than with the headlines in *U.S.A. Today*. And I believe they are right to think that sometimes the Civil War is even closer than national newspaper headlines.

The war still creates disharmony. When Civil War re-enactors say that the battle flag of the Confederacy honors the past, and African-Americans in the same community say that same flag demeans them and brings up a painful past, then it is clear that the issues that went into the Civil War and came out of the Civil War are still alive.

I was surprised by the passion of some of the re-enactors as they discussed the rightness of the Southern cause and explained what was wrong about the Union. I was surprised that the popular, almost-always diplomatic mayor of Jonesborough, Tenn., who is African-American, spoke resentfully of the re-enactment staged in his town. He was invited to the ball held on Main Street, but told the *Johnson City Press*, "How am I supposed to go to that? As a slave?" Others in Jonesborough objected to the re-enactment being called "A Confederate Homefront," because most of East Tennessee remained pro-union throughout the Civil War.

In recent years, Vietnam veterans have made us realize that no one returns from war unchanged. Veterans affect their partners and children and grandchildren by their profound changes. Thousands served both sides in the Civil War. Many in the same family fought on opposing sides. Homes and communities suffered their own traumas of occupation and destruction in the Civil War. A region must still feel the effects of a war fought by great-great-grandparents.

To reopen these wounds and irritate them would be destructive. To romanticize the war, either side or both, would be irresponsible. What we have tried to do in this issue of *Now and Then* is provide a thoughtful exploration of the Civil War and beyond. We hope it may bring about discussions that help to heal some of the conflicts that still cause pain.

— Pat Arnow, Editor

Confederate Money

It bought clothes, farm tools,
a drink of whiskey, false teeth,
hymnals and prayer books
bound in Boston.

It bought nails, milk,
teething rings, powder and shot,
coffin planks, a looking glass
that fit the hand.

It bought needles, ice,
firewood, chalk and castor oil,
time-pieces, a string of rare
black pearls.

It couldn't buy hope, silence,
a path through smoking woods,
a river without bodies and blood
flowing south.

It couldn't buy care, trust,
the smell of open fields,
columns brighter than the dusk,
a house our father built.

— William Miller

William Miller has published two books of poetry: ***Old Faith*** *(Mellen Poetry Press) and* ***The Light in the Cemetery*** *(Druid Press). He teaches English and writing at York College of Pennsylvania.*

Archives of Appalachia

Civil War Slice of Life

The Archives of Appalachia holds many types of records that document different aspects of the Civil War era in the Appalachian region. Included are personal narratives, diaries, reminiscences, correspondence and clippings. Most of the documents are contemporary with the war, but some date from the 20th century. These records focus on battles and homefront activities during the war; slavery and abolition during the antebellum period (1830-60); and economic activities during the years before the war.

War from the woman's point of view is documented in two diaries: those of Fannie Fain and Mary L. Pearre Hamilton. Fain's diary, a photocopy of the original, covers a period of a little over two years during the war, 1863-65, and provides a picture of daily life in East Tennessee during the war. She discusses events at Zollicofer (Bluff City), Longstreet's occupation of the region, and difficulties she faced while her husband was away at war. Hamilton's diary focuses on her life in Williamson County, Tenn., in years from 1860-64. During this time her fiancee, John Hall Hamilton, was fighting with the 7th Tennessee Infantry (Confederate).

The military side of the war is told in accounts of battles and life as a soldier. The Finley Patterson Curtis and Rufus Spainhour diaries, part of the James McKee Collection, consist of photocopied narratives which detail these Confederate soldiers' participation in numerous battles, among them Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Petersburg, and fighting around Appomattox Court House. Curtis fought with the First and Second Regiments of North Carolina, while Spainhour also fought with the First and Second Regiments, as well as the Army of Northern Virginia.

The William Sullivan Collection contains a copy of one letter from Sullivan, a North Carolinian who fought with the Confederate 57th North Carolina Regiment. The letter came from a camp near Fredericksburg, Va., in 1864.

Also contained in the archives is a photocopy of a 60-page reminiscence written in 1908 and 1909 by Andrew Jackson Williams, a Tennessean who fought with the 62nd Tennessee Infantry and the 2nd Tennessee Cavalry in 1863 and 1864. Williams participated in many engagements, including a number involved in the attempt to prevent the Federal forces under General William T. Sherman from advancing from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

Other primary documentation of the military side of the war can be found in two collections: the John Crawford Papers and the William Henley Nelson Family Papers. The Crawford papers contain original letters that document the efforts of Colonel Crawford to recruit and muster into service members of the Confederate Tennessee 60th Mounted Infantry. The Nelson papers include the military records of William Henley Nelson, a Washington County, Tenn., native who, after the Civil War, lived on Ripshin Mountain, Carter County, and became a prominent politician in that area. Nelson enlisted in 1862 in the 10th Tennessee Infantry of the Union Army, and reenlisted in 1863 with the 5th Tennessee Cavalry. He received a promotion to lieutenant and remained with this company until the end of the war.

The archives also holds copies of letters written by Theodore A. Honour, a South Carolinian who served with the 25th Regiment of South Carolina. The regiment fought in South Carolina, North Carolina and northern Virginia. Honour's letters cover the years from 1862 through 1865 and concern not only military engagements Honour took part in, but also focus on Honour's views on the causes of the war.

Continued on Page 47

Reece Museum

Seeing the Elephant and Other Thoughts on the Civil War

As our staff planned a special Civil War project featured this July, we became increasingly aware that glorification of that war has begun to decrease throughout both the North and the South. Consulting with fellow members of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services staff from the Archives of Appalachia and *Now and Then* magazine, we are able to cover extensively a part of history that deeply affected our region.

The first component of the museum's part of the project is an exhibit, "Seeing the Elephant," by 36 artists working in several media. It is an exploration of their sense of the effects of the Civil War. These artworks have as their dominant theme the excavation of alternative memories of war. In the catalog accompanying the exhibit, Edward T. Linenthal, author of *Sacred Ground: Americans and Their Battlefields*, speaks of the exhibit as an "evocative expression of the 'brooding omnipresence' of the Civil War."

As we examined items from our permanent collection for possible inclusion in our accompanying exhibit, we became more aware of the myth of the Civil War. One only needs to examine a bloodstained Bible, a medical pouch, or a coverlet cut in half to provide warmth for two brothers off to fight, to begin to feel "the presence of absence," as Linenthal so aptly stated in the catalog for "Seeing the Elephant." We titled our exhibit of the Reece Museum's own artifacts, "The Civil War: Myth vs. Reality."

Along with these exhibits, "The Chattanooga Drawings of Theodore R. Davis" depict scenes and events following the peaceful conversion from military camp to modern residential and industrial city in the 1890s. A veteran artist/correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*, Davis produced the 22 pen and ink drawings from his firsthand experience.

The Civil War focus opened with a lecture by Bobby L. Lovett, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Tennessee State University in Nashville. Dr. Lovett's slide-lecture, entitled "Black Tennesseeans in the Civil War, 1861-1866," was funded in part by the Tennessee Humanities Council.

— Helen Roseberry, Director

South vs. South

by Peter Wallenstein

The state of West Virginia stands as a monument to the central importance of Appalachia in the Civil War. From the beginning, when 11 states seceded and joined the Confederacy, the Confederate South was never a monolith. Divided against itself in a number of ways, it crumbled under pressure, not only from Union troops from Northern states but also from opposition among various groups of southerners.

The South fought the South in at least a three-way configuration, as black southerners from the lowcountry supplied one major source of opposition to the Confederacy, and white southerners from the upcountry supplied another.

An occasional historian from W. E. B. DuBois in the 1930s to Joseph T. Glatthaar in the 1990s has emphasized the crucial contributions of black Southerners to Confederate defeat. Black Southerners themselves have long known about such matters. Among the narratives of former slaves interviewed in the 1930s, Cornelius Garner and Moble Hopson, two Virginians, spoke of the war from this perspective. Hopson recalled his uncle's coming to the conclusion that black troops had taken Richmond in 1865. Garner, who had been one of those black Union soldiers who took Richmond, mounted a more general argument that black troops were central to Union victory.

Perhaps less noticed is that white residents of Southern Appalachia were similarly instrumental in shaping the war's outcome. It was the lowcountry South that forced the formation of the Confederacy. A large fraction of the people in the upcountry South continued to support the Union throughout the secession winter of 1860-61 and throughout the war. This was partly because slaveholding was less widespread in Appalachia. Partly, too, the upcountry had long harbored resentment of lowcountry dominance in state politics. Virginia offers a clear example of such intrastate tensions.

During the generation before the Civil War, western Virginians had fought the East over voting rights, legislative apportionment, gradual emancipation, the tax system, support of public schools, and other important issues. At times, both the East and the West had threatened that, unless they got their way on the issue of the day, they would seek to go their own way. The crisis of 1860-61 proved the catalyst that led to the formal division of Virginia.

That does not mean that all upcountry men fought for the Union. The Appalachian area was no more a monolith than was the Confederacy as a whole. While the upcountry supplied tens of thousands of troops to the Union war effort, it also supplied tens of thousands of troops to the Confederacy. One particularly compelling image of the divided loyalties of Appalachian Southerners is the massacre of 13 Unionist men at Shelton Laurel in western North Carolina. Another such image is Greene County, Tenn., where the courthouse displays two monuments, one each to local soldiers from each side in the war. In fact, if anywhere in America produced a "brothers' war," it was the upcountry areas of the slave states.

A recent analysis of class and region, focusing on Tennessee in general and on East Tennessee in particular, shows that white nonslaveholding families from that region supplied enough Union soldiers to fill entire regiments. Moreover, the lower their economic standing, the more likely men were to fight for the Union. Slaveholding families from the blackbelt in the western half of Tennessee provided men for the Confederacy. So did planter (and smaller slaveholding) families — though there were far fewer of them — from the upcountry. East Tennessee families who owned land but owned no slaves divided more or less evenly. And families who owned neither land nor slaves were more likely to fight for the Union. Thus, the men from nonslaveholding families in the Tennessee upcountry could not be counted on to aid the rebellion. Rather, they played a crucial role in suppressing it.

Instead of commanding a united front of all white Southerners, the Confederacy found itself deeply divided as it faced the Union. The South's white men lived in the largest numbers in predominantly white areas, not in the blackbelt. And those parts of the slave states holding the most white manpower were the parts where that manpower was least likely to support the Confederate war effort. For example, the eastern half of Tennessee had more white residents than did the entire state of Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas or Florida. It had far more than the entire state of South Carolina; that Deep-South, slave-majority state led the way in secession, and whites there gave the Confederacy virtually universal support, but, even so, it could supply relatively little white military manpower when the war broke out.

To be sure, a majority of East Tennessee's soldiers fought for the Confederacy. But if only one-third fought

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"It was not surprising that, when the Civil War came, most mountaineers sided with the Union. The Union loyalty of the region was in fact decisive in the war's outcome, and Lincoln (who recognized the new state of West Virginia over serious constitutional objections) was inclined toward a generous program of postwar help toward the mountains. But the Radical Republicans scrapped this plan and basically ignored any program of rewards for loyalty in favor of punitive measures aimed at the entire South."

—Rodger Cunningham, *Apples on the Flood: The Southern Mountain Experience* (1987)

The next time you see a pickup that sports a Confederate flag, consider that it may be true that the driver has ancestors who fought on the Confederate side. Then again, some among those ancestors may have fought first for the Confederacy and then for the Union. Quite likely others spurned the Confederate flag and wore only the blue.

Martin Edwards

for the Union, that reduced the region's contribution to Confederate manpower by a third. Moreover, those men offset, or neutralized, another third. That is, every additional Union soldier from Appalachia, in effect, reduced the Confederate forces by two men, not just one. In fact, the Union share appears to have been larger than one-third. A fraction of three-eighths — reducing the number of Confederate soldiers from East Tennessee by three-eighths and offsetting another three-eighths—would mean that the area's net contribution to the Confederate military forces was only one-fourth what the size of its white population would suggest. Thus, though the eastern half of Tennessee had a larger white population than did all of South Carolina, its net contribution to Confederate manpower may have been less than one-third as large. The Confederacy could ill afford such losses in manpower.

Just as individual Appalachians differed over which side to support, various portions of the region differed in their wartime experience. Little fighting, and no major battles, took place in western North Carolina, something that cannot be said of much of the rest of the region. Regardless, the war reached into every corner of Appalachia. The lists of casualties — killed, wounded, ill, captured — grew ever longer for Appalachian people on both sides. Men called off to war were not available to protect their families or bring in the crops. Prices climbed ever higher. Life became ever more difficult and trying. War-weariness increased just as commodity prices and war deaths did. Even supporters of the Confederacy turned against the war.

In upcountry and lowcountry alike, public authorities did what they could to shore up white families' loyalty to the Confederacy. Local governments directed a huge fraction of their resources to the supply of salt, corn, bacon and other essentials to soldiers' families. They acted on the premise that few soldiers would remain on the battlefront if they believed their families vulnerable to privation at home. As the war continued to grind on, it became clear that most white families who needed such assistance lived in the upcountry, not in the plantation areas, yet the surplus needed for their subsistence had to come from the lowcountry. Lowcountry planters did what they could to retain the support of upcountry soldiers. Thus state after state — Georgia and Alabama, for example, in view of their mountain regions — assumed more of the responsibility that counties had previously shouldered.

Local authorities in East Tennessee, required by state law to collect taxes and direct the proceeds to Confederate families, sometimes balked — or at least declined to force the issue when Union families refused to cooperate and supply funds to support their enemy. Bradley County authorities sought a middle way. They authorized a levy "for all suffering humanity," seeking to supply families from both sides, but Confederate military authorities intervened to block any such effort. No doubt Rebel families felt similarly offended later when, under Federal occupation, they were expected to help the families of soldiers wearing the blue.

History, myth and symbol sometimes connect in unexpected ways in Appalachia, as they do anywhere. The next time you see a pickup that sports a Confederate flag, consider that it may be true that the driver has ancestors who fought on the Confederate side. Then again, some among those ancestors may have fought first for the Confederacy and then for the Union, as did William Smith McCollum of Greene County, Tenn., who was drafted by the Confederacy and later

enlisted with the Federal army. Quite likely others spurned the Confederate flag and wore only the blue.

Long after the war was over, one Union soldier from East Tennessee wrote about the last six months of it: "I was on the go all the time. After the Bulls Gap Stampeed went to Knoxville drew new equipents horses & co went on by rail to Virginia. Destroyed the salt works burnt the bridge to cross new river had several scurmeshes. Then back to Knoxville then joined the Stonman Raid south." In 1865 he was all of 17 years old when he returned to Greene County: "Happy to get home. Went at once to farming on my fathers farm went to school for some time."

After the war, the people of Appalachia, like other Americans, had to pick up the pieces and do the best they could with what they still had. For many, little was left, with barns burned, fences destroyed and cattle and horses dead. So many husbands, sons and fathers returned crippled or not at all. And in Appalachia, in particular, there remained tensions between families who had supported the Union and those who fought for the Confederacy.

Three East Tennesseans — each of whom, as a Civil War veteran, filled out a questionnaire in the 1920s about his recollections of the war— spoke to the contributions that Appalachian people, themselves included, made to Union victory and Confederate defeat. William M. Harrad, raised an orphan in McMinn County, wrote, "I have bin a true republican true to my country." Roane County's Wiley M. Christian remembered seeking "only to uphold and preserve the union of states and we did it." And from Charles Lafayette Broyles, of Greene County, came the assertion, "I am thankful that I am still alive and had the experience of helping to save the Union."

In McMinn County, East Tennessee, a monument to Union soldiers from the town of Athens, dating from 1925, states in part: Blest be the memory of the grand army boys, / through danger and conflict they purchase our joys. / Though Kingdoms shall crumble like rocks into sand, / this union of states shall eternally stand.

Whether the "union of states" would "eternally stand" was by no means clear in the early 1860s. That the Confederacy died can be explained, in large part, in terms of the Appalachian South.

"The South" and the "the Confederacy" were never the same thing. Black Southerners from the lowcountry undermined the equation. So did white Southerners from the upcountry. Tens of thousands of white men from the Appalachian South — most of them from West Virginia or East Tennessee, but many, too, from other states — took up arms against the Confederacy. On the homefront, they often had the support of neighbors, parents, wives and children.

Appalachia could not escape the war. But the Confederacy could not escape Appalachia.

Peter Wallenstein teaches history at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University.

Lincoln Memorial University

In Harrogate, Tenn., Lincoln Memorial University stands not simply as a living memorial to the 16th president of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, but also to the people of East Tennessee who remained loyal to the Union cause. Lincoln Memorial University was established in 1897 as the result of the efforts of Reverend A. A. Myers, an educator working in the Cumberland Gap area, and General Oliver Otis Howard, former commander of the Army of the Tennessee. General Howard's involvement in helping to establish a university near Cumberland Gap evolved from a meeting he had with Abraham Lincoln during the war and Lincoln's expressed desire to help the people of East Tennessee.

Weldon E. Pelz, in his book *In the Presence of Abraham Lincoln*, included General Howard's description of his meeting with President Lincoln in September 1863:

> Mr. Lincoln motioned me to a chair and then drew me out upon matters touching the situation. At last he arose and took me by the hand, very much as father would do, and led me to a set of maps that were arranged in a framework. . . . He drew down that large map of Kentucky and Tennessee which the engineers had so carefully prepared. He put his fingers upon what was called Cumberland Gap, a doorway between Kentucky and East Tennessee and a corner of Virginia. He turned to me and said in substance, 'General Howard, couldn't you go through there and seize Knoxville and deliver those people of East Tennessee?' "He looked into my eyes and said with singular emphasis: 'They are loyal there, General! they are loyal!'

At the close of the meeting with General Howard, Lincoln further commented about East Tennessee.

> "General, if you come out of this horror and misery alive and I hope that you may, I want you to do something for these people who have been shut out from the world all these years. If I live, I will do all I can to aid you and between us we may do them the justice they deserve. Please remember, and if God is good to us we may be able to speak of it later."

It was General Howard's memories of this meeting that led him to aid in the establishment of Lincoln Memorial University at the place where Lincoln pointed on the map.

Lincoln Memorial University still operates as a liberal arts co-educational college. The university's Lincoln Memorial Museum houses the second largest collections of artifacts on Lincoln and the Civil War. The museum maintains three galleries depicting Lincoln's early life, his election to the presidency, the war years and his assassination. The museum's archival collection includes rare books, pamphlets, broadsides, sheet music, lithographs, photographs and manuscripts relating to Lincoln, his contemporaries and the Civil War. Former students, distinguished in the field of Appalachian Studies include writers such as 1929 classmates Jesse Stuart, James Still and Don West.

— Norma Myers

Norma Myers heads the Archives of Appalachia at East Tennessee State University.

Playing the Field

Pat Arnow

Civil War re-enactors parade through Jonesborough, Tenn., during re-enactment weekend, May 1993. Minutes later, these Union soldiers re-enacted an 1863 street skirmish with Confederate troops.

It's hard to get enough Union soldiers together for a really authentic-looking re-enactment of a Civil War battle. Even Northerners, whose ancestors were probably staunch Unionists, want to be Confederates. Canadian and European re-enactors like to represent the Confederacy, too.

Barbara Ferrell of Jonesborough, Tenn., is a Southerner and didn't expect any conflicts with her own background when she became involved with Confederate re-enactments. But when she looked into her family history she found, "My great-grandfather, Jason McPherson, was a Union Soldier. I was so shocked when I found out that I cried."

Ferrell hadn't realized that her native East Tennessee had been a region with strong Union sympathies during the Civil War. "My mother's mother was a Republican to her last breath, and now I understand why." The widespread Union sentiments in this region during the Civil War translated to a stubborn adherence to Republicanism in East Tennessee which persists to this day. (Northeast Tennessee's First Congressional district "has not elected a democrat to the House for more than 100 years," according to the *Almanac of American Politics*. The Second District, also in East Tennessee, is "one of the most reliably Republican districts in the nation," says the *Almanac*.)

Like other parts of the Southern Mountains, East Tennessee was divided in its loyalties. "It was brother against brother," says Ferrell. She notes that Jason McPherson's brother from Roan Mountain was a Confederate soldier.

Scott R. Templeton, who heads an East Tennessee Confederate re-enactment regiment, is the descendant of five Confederates and one Union soldier.

For those involved with Confederate re-enactments, the war is immediate, alive. They are intent upon setting the record straight, making sure the cause for which more than 600,000 died is understood. To them it is a noble cause, a righteous cause. The North tried to preserve what many re-enactors regard as a highly imperfect union. The Union won, according to them, because of superior numbers and resources. The Confederates represent the underdog to the re-enactors. They were trying to repulse an invasion, and their armies were better. No matter what else may have been at issue, the romance of rebellion is infectious.

Not everyone is so enamored of the "Lost Cause." This year African-Americans in Jonesborough criticized the event, which is billed as "A Confederate Homefront." Reverend Edgar Wallace, pastor of Jonesborough's largest African-American church, the 125-year-old Bethel Christian Church, told the *Johnson City Press* that the re-enactment weekend shows "a callous disregard" for the black community and causes "anger, animosity and general disdain." He said, "I am opposed to the prospect of doing anything that would lift up a period in our history where divisiveness and slavery and any one group lording over another group is exalted."

The town's mayor, Kevin McKinney, who is African-American, told the *Press* that he supports the event for its economic effect, but said changes need to be made. But a committee he appointed to work out differences has been unable thus far to find solutions.

Wallace and others in the town also objected to calling the event "A Confederate Homefront," pointing out that Jonesborough was part of a strong Unionist area and that it was home of the nation's first abolitionist newspaper. Wallace's concerns are echoed by others including the curator of the Jonesborough History Museum and a local jeweler who takes out an anti-re-enactment advertisement every year in the local newspaper.

Another source of discomfort for some area residents is the glorification of violence. A Jonesborough resident, Gloria Knight, in a letter to the local *Herald and Tribune* asked: "Can the city of Jonesborough celebrate peace instead of a

Pat Arnow

Confederate re-enactors parade through Jonesborough, Tenn., after routing Union re-enactors in a street skirmish.

Re-enacting the Civil War

Pat Arnow

war that continues to destroy brotherhood?"

Bertram Allen, a psychology professor at East Tennessee's Milligan College and a Jonesborough resident, finds the concept of re-enactments distressing. Because of his service in Vietnam, Allen became a pacifist. He believes, "Any time we have re-enactment — or we have open houses at military installations and allow children to play with weapons — we run the risk of making it easier for them to go to war."

He recognizes that the re-enactments are enjoyable, and that, he thinks, is dangerous. "They (children) see all the excitement and the sound and the light, but they do not see the result. They don't see the full picture. They don't see the awful power of these weapons and the feelings I hope they'd have if they used those weapons."

Allen does not attend the re-enactment, and he encourages his children to stay away also (though "they are free to go"). "Those activities are seductive, and I don't want to be seduced by them." He would like to see, instead of a re-enactment, role playing methods of solving the problems that brought about the war, trying to find peaceful solutions "rather than a violent military way."

Re-enactors, many with a passionate love of Civil War history, believe that they are performing a service. Many say they hope to educate and empower Southerners who have learned a one-sided history that makes them out to be the villains. "If we accomplish nothing else, people will say, 'well, maybe there are two sides to that issue,' " said Templeton. "then we've come a long way. I think it's important to teach our Southern children not to be embarrassed. You're not the bad guy."

Barbara Ferrell agrees, "I'm trying to educate people. There's a misunderstanding that the South was responsible for everything."

The motivation for most is "love of history," says Sue Henley, one of the organizers of the Jonesborough re-enactment weekend. Hal Walls, who has been entertainment coordinator for the Greenbriar Hotel for 27 years and is a Navy veteran, says the same thing. His is not the terribly partisan love that seems prevalent among many re-enactors. Walls is willing to serve on either side of the fight and can be "anything from a private to a colonel." (This year in Lewisburg he played a Confederate Sergeant Major in Company G of the 26th Virginia battalion of the White Sulphur Rifles.) He likes the camaraderie and being part of a team.

The remembrance and honoring of those who fought and died on the soil of this country is important to others involved in re-enactments. "You can discuss wars that were fought in Europe or the Pacific, and yes, they were interesting," says Walls, "but the American Civil War is something you can touch. You can walk on it. There are places where it is literally hallowed ground — standing on a cemetery in Lewisburg. It's America's war."

Whatever the reason, re-enacting is a hobby growing in popularity. John McIlhenny, of Lewisburg, W.Va., Visitors Center, who attends the local re-enactment wearing civilian clothes of the period, thinks one reason the Civil War is re-enacted so much is that it is possible. "It's an exciting historical event that they're able to recreate authentically. The war is so well-documented." He ruminates thoughtfully, "Of course they don't want to re-enact World War II (which is also well-documented)." And, he adds, "I'm a Vietnam vet, and I wouldn't want to re-enact that."

Scott Templeton's attachment to that period is both emotional and economic. A dealer in Civil War books, Templeton capitalizes on America's romance with the Civil War. More is published about that war — some 50,000 books have come out so far — than any other subject except the Bible, says Templeton. Approximately 13 a week continue to be

published, adds Barbara Ferrell.

Templeton's card for his book business reflects his sentiments: "BRIGADE BOOKS Specializing in the War for Southern Independence."

Yes, he does object to calling the conflict that started 132 years ago the Civil War. "Civil War is a Northern term. It means two parts of one government are vying for control, but that's not what the South was trying to do." The South was trying to set up a separate, sovereign government of its own, he explains. "There are 30-some names the war has been called by, but this one (on the card) really describes it," he claims.

He reels off reasons that he feels sympathy "very strongly" for the Southern cause. Like other Confederate re-enactors, he says "The war was not over slavery. Ninety percent of Confederate soldiers didn't own slaves. They strongly believed in the cause of secession and self-government. They believed they were in a war that God wanted them to fight."

He criticizes what he considers Union hypocrisy: "America deifies Abraham Lincoln" but "He did some atrocious things. He's called the great emancipator. The Emancipation Proclamation was a totally empty document." It was only in the Confederate states that Lincoln emancipated slaves, Templeton points out. "What a hoax—the one place he could free them (the border states, which allowed slavery but which were still nominally at least a part of the Union), he didn't do it." He criticizes East Tennessee's most well-known Unionists, too: "Andrew Johnson was a slave holder. 'Parson' Brownlow was one of the biggest racists that ever lived."

Today, the North must believe that the fighting was about slavery because "if they didn't fight the war over slavery, then what they were doing was illegal, a travesty."

Hal Walls, co-chair of the re-enactment in Lewisburg, W.Va., offers a more moderate view of Lincoln: "He was such a consummate politician. I'm not a great lover of strong politicians; he was a strong politician, but I certainly do respect him."

Though re-enactors may have some philosophical differences, participants enjoy re-enacting itself. Templeton says that he became involved because "it was a way to demonstrate what they did, and

Dressing for Secession

Sue Henley and her husband Gerald own the Cherry Tree Craft Shop on Main Street in Jonesborough, and Barbara Ferrell owns Granny's Gallery right next door.

Henley has been one of the organizers of the re-enactment in Jonesborough each of the four years it has been held. Ferrell is a seamstress. She sews day dresses and ball gowns for this and other re-enactments, using the same kinds of materials that were used in the Civil War era (mostly cotton), and stitches by machine (since there were treadle sewing machines in those days). She does not use zippers, which had not yet been invented, but fastens the dresses with hooks and eyes.

Wearing a gown designed from that era is magical, she says. "The first time I put on an 1860s costume, it was amazing the different attitude you have. You feel very feminine. And it makes you sit up straight."

"You can't breathe," remarks Henley.

"No wonder women had a short life span," says Ferrell.

Becoming a re-enactor can be costly. Outfitting a soldier costs at least $1,000 including a musket (which is a reproduction), Henley estimates.

A ball gown costs $150 to $300, says Ferrell, "depending on fabric, lace, who makes it. A day dress, you can have an outfit for $100, but by the time you get hoops, parasols, reticule — that's a little purse — an outfit could cost as much as $300." Ferrell made one that had 120 yards of ruffled lace. "It was at least two weeks of constant work."

Women's costumes are not as uncomfortable as they may have been when they were in fashion. Women today do not generally wear the torturous corsets of that era (though the recommended long-line girdle might sound torturous enough). The greatest challenge is using a public restroom while wearing hoops, the women agree. (They recommend backing into the stall.)

— Pat Arnow

Pat Arnow

Harvey Bosell, Fayette, N.C., stands at the sidelines as the band in which he plays marches by. Re-enactors strive for an authentic look. "They won't let me march because I'm too old," said Bosell.

Mild in the Streets

by Pinckney Benedict

My hometown is gearing up for a thing called the Blue and Gray Ball. The buffet dinner and dance is the kickoff for a whole series of festivities meant to commemorate Lewisburg's role in the Civil War, which was very small. But Lewisburg is a well-to-do town, particularly by the standards of rural West Virginia, and it can afford to indulge itself in whimsy every now and then.

About 700 Civil War re-enactors are expected to take part in the celebration. They will set up camps — Union soldiers near the local arts center; Confederacy behind the osteopathic school — where they will, within limits of course, live as the military men of the day lived. Folks are going all out in their efforts to make the occasion an enjoyable one. The merchants plan to decorate the downtown with red, white and blue bunting (although one wonders what the Confederate re-enactors will say to that). There are shows planned, with singers and dancers, and a parade. There will be a Rebel band and not one but two Yankee fife and drum corps.

Two battle re-enactments are on the slate for the weekend. The first will be a staging of the Battle of Greenbrier River, which happened well to the north of Lewisburg, in Pocahontas County. That's a Confederate victory, and it runs from 4 p.m. until 6 p.m. The next day the Union will get some of their own back by drubbing the Rebels in a re-enactment of the Battle of Lewisburg. The Battle of Lewisburg was a rout for the Confederacy; the yard behind the General Lewis Inn, where visitors will find ladies decked out in replicas of nineteenth century finery, was the setting for the slaughter of a number of undefended Southern cannoneers by Union calvary.

It's painful to me that we choose to make our town a theme park to that hellish fratricidal struggle. The festival atmosphere, the thrilling martial music, the celebratory clatter of sabers, the smoke that leaps from the muzzles of the black powder rifles: they are all just theater, no harm meant. And what about the re-enactors? These fellows who leap over stone walls and cross fields through withering storms of make-believe fire and who discharge their weapons and give out the chilling Rebel Yell? It's a strange thing to watch a grown man clutch at his chest and pretend to die, to watch him twitch in the death throes that properly belong to some murdered ancestor. It makes me think of nothing so much as the Battle of First Manassas, when the society swells came from Washington and Baltimore to watch the Union Army smash the Confederacy.

At least the confrontation had a surprising outcome. But we all know how this one's going to come out. No matter what color we wear to the Ball, blue or gray, we know the answer. On the first day, in this nostalgic version of the War Between the States, the South wins. On the second day the North wins. It's a wash. And the day after that we all rise again, to take down the bunting, to put the elaborate costumes in storage; to put on our modern selves, and to face, as bravely as we may, the carnival lights of our own uncertain times.

Pinckney Benedict grew up and continues to live on his family's dairy farm just north of Lewisburg, West Virginia. He is the author of two story collections, ***Town Smokes*** *and* ***The Wrecking Yard,*** *and a novel,* ***Dogs of God****, forthcoming late this year from Nan A. Talese Books/Doubleday. His essays frequently may be heard on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."*

Playing the Field

do it with class, and do it with honor."

A Piney Flats, Tenn., resident, Templeton organized the 19th Infantry Regiment Tennessee Volunteers C.S.A. (Confederate States of America) in 1986. Modeled after an actual East Tennessee regiment organized in 1861, the "reactivated" unit began with six members. Today, more than 50 re-enactors fill the ranks. They may participate in re-enactments a dozen times a year around the country.

Like other re-enactors, Templeton quickly became caught up in the drama. "Obviously it's play; it's pretend, but sometimes for a few seconds, it's so real—the cannons, the artillery," says Templeton.

Re-enacting makes him appreciate the commitment it took to fight then. After three or four days at a re-enactment, "I'm exhausted. I come home to an air conditioned house and have a soft drink." He wonders, "Could we do today what they did? Could we go into a battle and lose 40,000 people and still stay committed to a cause? They went without food. They weren't paid. If they weren't strongly convinced, they'd go home."

Sue Henley agrees. She told writer Jill Oxendine in *MotorHome*, "As we made the preparations we realized how awful it must have been to have lived then — with brother fighting against brother. We romanticize that time period, but it must have been a terrible ordeal."

The re-enactors duplicate as closely as they can the uniforms of the troops they represent. But staging the battles properly has its problems. Photographer Alice Anthony, taking pictures at a re-enactment at the Tipton-Haynes Historic Site in Johnson City, Tenn., noticed that "there were 30 to 40 tents on the Confederate side, and there were maybe four tents on the Union side."

Even though Unionists greatly outnumbered Confederates in most real battles, re-enactors generally aim for a 50-50 ratio, says Templeton. "You try to stay as close as you can historically," he says. "It's only show."

It is an all-consuming show to many. Sue Henley mentions one woman who has this message on her phone machine: "We can't come to the phone right now. We are out defending our home against the Yankees."

Continued→

And she marvels at one couple who come to the re-enactment in Jonesborough, stay at a bed and breakfast in an 18th century home, and change their authentic-to-the-last-detail outfits every morning, afternoon and evening. When they have a picnic, they wrap their fried chicken in cloth.

Re-enacting became popular during 1961 Civil War centennial commemorations and continues to grow. *Civil War Quarterly* estimates there are more than 20,000 re-enactors in the Eastern United States alone. "The participants belong to organized groups or "regiments" — an estimated 200 across the country — named after actual military units of the Civil War, and they follow a circuit that could take them anywhere in the nation," explains Jill Oxendine.

Re-enactments are held in other countries as well. "It's an international hobby," says Hal Walls, who has attended re-enactments in Canada and England. At a re-enactment of the Battle of Shiloh in England with 900 participants, Walls met re-enactors from eight countries in Europe. As in the U.S., "everyone wants to be a Confederate." But unlike this country, Walls says that European re-enactors must serve a certain number of years as Union troops before they can become Confederates.

Re-enactments are as popular in the Southern Mountains as elsewhere. The "Confederate Homefront" weekend in Jonesborough, Tenn., held since 1990 draws as many as 7,500 spectators. "It's a moneymaker for Jonesborough," says Templeton.

Jonesborough's re-enactment weekend in May features a parade, a re-enactment of a street skirmish, a fashion show and a ball. The weekend culminates with the Sunday afternoon re-enactment of the Battle of Limestone Station, originally fought Sept. 9, 1863. The Confederate General A.E. Jackson, from Jonesborough, had been called upon to protect the strategically crucial East Tennessee and Virginia railroad which the Yankees were attempting to destroy. Included in the troops were four companies of Cherokee Indians, part of Thomas' Legion. The Confederates emerged victorious from the two-hour fight.

Doug Brewer

Fallen Confederate re-enactors receive attention.

The Lewisburg, W.Va., re-enactment, now in its second year, also features activities for an entire weekend. John McIlhenny of the Lewisburg Visitors Center said the weekend includes a tour of antebellum homes, a band concert, tea and fashion show, a re-enactment of the Battle of Greenbrier River, a parade, a memorial, and finally, on Sunday afternoon, the re-enactment of the Battle of Lewisburg which was fought in May 1862. Like the battle in Jonesborough, the Union troops were attempting to cut the railroad. The Union emerged victorious.

McIlhenny points out that Lewisburg's Greenbrier County was a Confederate stronghold during the Civil War. "Though three out of four West Virginians fought for the Union, Greenbrier County was solidly Confederate. The (Confederate) 14th Virginia Cavalry and the 26th Virginia battalion came from the county."

McIlhenny, who wears civilian period clothes for the re-enactment weekend, favors the re-enactment because "a lot of people visit the town, and the hotels and motels are filled." He sees the re-enactment as "putting on a show for your own amusement." It's effective, he believes. "There were things that happened at the last re-enactment that made my hair almost stand on end. You get goosebumps. It's like you step into the past."

He doesn't see the re-enactment in contemporary terms: "It's 131 years ago, and I don't think anyone has any strong feelings. It's celebrating your history, your heritage." But, he does take sides, "All of my ancestors were Confederates, but my sentiments are pro-Union." And studying the war is relevant, he believes: "What we are today is shaped by that period and that war."

"You must be lenient with your Cousin George. He wanders about night times talking about the War. I put him off in the west wing where he won't keep people awake, but sometimes he gets in the yard and gives orders to his troops . . . But he's been a heap of company for me."

— Tennessean Andrew Lytle, "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho," from *Stories: Alchemy and Others* (1984)

The Flag of Sullivan South

by Martin Edwards

My alma mater, Sullivan South High School in Sullivan County, Tenn., has been known for all of its 13 years as the "Home of the Fighting Rebels," meaning the baseball, soccer, football, basketball and swim teams. The school mascot is a Confederate soldier. The insignia is a furled Confederate flag, crossed rifles and a rebel cap.

I remember the Rebel football fans wearing those hats and "The South Will Rise Again" T-shirts. Some painted their faces to look like the rebel flag. It was customary to wave an acre-wide Confederate flag high on the top row of "Death Valley," the Rebels' football stadium.

Every year, the homecoming king and queen would stand in the back seat of a loaned convertible, leading chickenwire-and-tissue-paper floats around the track lining the field. The queen was dressed in a Scarlett O'Hara-esque cleavage-revealing satin gown; the king sported a Confederate officer's uniform of gray with gold sash and sword.

The ubiquitous Southern Belles took the field at halftime after the Marching Rebel Band filed back to the stands. The Belles were a dance troupe in white gloves and cheerleading uniforms of blue, gray and scarlet. Their specialty was synchronized dancing, usually to celebrated pep-rally selections from the Lynard Skynard collection, the Charlie Daniels anthology, and, once, an ironic performance to Bob Marley's *Buffalo Soldier*.

I also remember four years of cafeteria food, four years of first period at 7:45 a.m. and four years without seeing a single black student, faculty member or guest speaker.

In the additional four years since graduating from the Home of the Rebels, I have wondered if the school has felt any pressure to change its trademarks. Recently I went back to Sullivan South to find out.

Not much had changed. There was a new floor in the cafeteria. The usual quiet between fifth and sixth periods was intact, as was Assistant Principal Jerry Starnes.

"That rebel thing was supposed to be like Ole Miss, with our real mascot being Ole Miss's old colonel and not a rebel soldier, although you don't see the colonel as much," Starnes said.

The school was named by committee in the summer of 1980. Starnes said the decision to use Confederate insignia was never meant to alienate anyone. The use of Confederate symbols and names were purely for the sake of tradition and history, he said.

Starnes emphasized that the school has never been criticized for its identity, and he said he didn't see many ways it could affect his students. "There's never been a problem with it, all the years we've been here," Starnes said. "Of course, I don't condone slavery or any of those other things, and no one here does, I'm sure, but there's never been a problem with the Rebels or the rebel flag or any of those other things at all.

"As far as the students are concerned, I'd say there is less bigotry in this school than any other school around," Starnes said. Whether the lack of explicit bigotry was due to student ideology or the absence of racial diversity, he said he didn't know.

During the 1993 school year, Sullivan South had one African-American student and one African-American faculty member in her fourth year as a Home Economics teacher. Sullivan South High averages less than one African-American student a year, by Starnes' calculations, "figuring up to three blacks a couple of years," he said, "with some years with none." Two African-American students have graduated from South.

"I think that the reason we don't have a lot of black students enrolled is that our area here is mainly professional people that came here to work for Eastman, with a lot of transplanted northerners," Starnes said.

The South may not rise again, but time may tell whether Sullivan South will be asked to surrender its flag.

*Martin Edwards is **Now and Then**'s summer intern.*

Kenneth Murray

University of Chattanooga (now University of Tennessee - Chattanooga) Student Center, mid-1960s.

John R. Finger

The Cherokee and the Confederacy

When the Cherokee nation was forced along the Trail of Tears to Oklahoma in 1838, nearly 1,000 Cherokees stayed behind in Western North Carolina. Their presence was merely tolerated. William Thomas, a white man who had been adopted into the tribe as a boy, worked to improve the lot of the Cherokees, serving as their legal counsel and lobbying for their human rights. When the Civil War began, Thomas organized his adopted kinsmen to fight for the Confederacy. Approximately 400 Cherokees would eventually take part in the war.

Most white southerners could readily invoke one or more sociopolitical theorems to justify secession, but if the Eastern Cherokees comprehended the dissolution of the Union it must have seemed threatening to their interests. William Thomas, after all, had pressed their claims for many years in Washington and had continually emphasized the obligations of the United States to them. Now, having voted for North Carolina's secession as member of a special convention in May 1861, he was asking them to repudiate that federal connection. It is a measure of his persuasiveness that the chiefs, after admitting their bewilderment, declared themselves ready to defend North Carolina against any aggression by the United States. Thomas then organized about 200 Indians into a local defensive force called the Junaluska Zouaves, a tribute to the great warrior who had died just a few years before. A Raleigh newspaper, in noting this development, warned the "Northern barbarians, with A. Blinkun at their head, to guard their scalps" whenever they heard Cherokee war whoops.

A number of Cherokees appeared eager to join the volunteers. B.M. Edney was raising a regiment near Asheville and reported that 200 Indians were "begging" to enlist. George W. Hayes, a former friend of Thomas turned political foe, had at least two Cherokees in his cavalry unit, but it was said he would as soon be caught in a voting booth with a free Negro as to associate with them — a mortal insult to Cherokees. Such treatment may have been calculated to discourage them from volunteering.

The Cherokees proved to be a major attraction in Knoxville. As they marched from the depot down Gay Street, the main thoroughfare, a jostling, growing crowd of townspeople vied for a closer look at the newcomers. The Indians stayed at nearby Camp Oconostota for about two weeks, during which time they received visits from the elites of Knoxville society and were the "wonder of all the city." The highlight of their stay occurred when they conducted Christian services in their own language at the First Presbyterian Church. Goggle-eyed whites filled every available pew, eager to witness the strange spectacle. The Indians had their Cherokee hymnals, and Unaguskie, their chaplain, led the service. A local editor described him as tall, slender, graceful, and eloquent, though having "little of the mannerism of the modern pulpit. His sermon seemed to be persuasive rather than denunciatory, advisory and parental rather than condemnatory and authoritative." The music struck the reporter as "less artistic" than in a white service; and of Unaguskie's theology, he said, "nothing can be known certainly." The whites sat through the entire proceedings, enrapt but not understanding a word of what was said.

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Camp fever, measles, and other diseases were rampant, killing three Indians by late June and temporarily incapacitating others; another Cherokee died under the wheels of a train. An outbreak of mumps completely mystified the warriors, and, lacking a white physician, they relied upon the traditional charms and incantations of their own doctor, Oosawih. These seemed to work as well as any orthodox medical procedures, and before long the Indians were well acclimated to the rigors of bivouac. They enjoyed reasonably good health during the rest of the war.

The Indians saw little of the combat romanticized by Civil War popularizers, and probably not more than a handful died in action. They mostly stood guard, rounded up conscripts, appropriated foodstuffs and livestock from unhappy farmers and pursued deserters and bushwhackers — necessary and sometimes dangerous duty, but hardly glamorous. They were especially noteworthy for their skill as trackers and for their devotion to duty. One stalwart sentinel, to the amazement of his white officer, stood an uninterrupted 14-hour watch "in one of the fiercest and most terrible snow storms" in the region's history. When the occasion arose, moreover, the Cherokees fought with skill and courage in traditional Indian style: being rational men, however, they were reluctant to confront Yankee cannons, the "big guns on wheels."

Regardless of how often the Cherokees actually fought, there soon emerged among Unionists the distressing stereotype of the savage, implacable warrior — a fearsome beast immune to the amenities of "civilized" warfare. Perhaps it is too much to expect that such stories would *not* circulate. Few people during wartime discriminate too carefully when it comes to dividing truth from fiction, and the "savage Indian" stereotype is an enduring one in American history.

Courtesy of John Finger

Last photograph of the remaining members of the famous Thomas Legion taken at the 1903 New Orleans Reunion of Confederate Veterans. Front row, left to right: Usai, Kimson Saunook, Jesse Ross, Jesse Reed, Sevier Skitty. Back row: Bird Saconita, Dave Owle, Col. W.W. Springfield, Suyeta Owle, Jim Cag, Wesley Crowe, Jessan, Lt. Calvin Cagle. Springfield and Cagle were white officers.

Some captured Indians were taken to Knoxville, where federal officers tried to cajole them into renouncing the Confederacy. Southern newspapers reported with glee that the Indians tricked their captors. While in that city "they were flattered and feasted, big talks held, and magnificent promises made, if they would abandon the Confederacy and join the Lincoln government. They were promised their liberty and *five thousand dollars in gold*, if they would bring in *the scalp! of their Chief, Col. Wm. H. Thomas*! The Indians seemed to pause — consult — and finally agreed to the proposition. They were released, returned to their native mountains, sought the camp of their Chief, told him all, and have ever since been on the warpath — *after Yankee scalps*!" [*Daily Enquirer*, May 22, 1864]

While some Indians no doubt did renege on their pledge of loyalty to the Union, the fact remains that others willingly served the United States. According to the *Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator*, the captured Cherokees claimed they had been deceived into fighting against the United States. Two were allowed to return to the band and relate "the real facts," and a few days later their chief came in with others to take a loyalty oath. Since their pledge, the newspaper said, they had been abused and threatened by rebels. James Mooney, who worked among the Cherokees about 20 years after the war, related a similar story — that some Indians had "become dissatisfied" with the Confederacy and "were easily persuaded to the Union side." Their headman was able to convince a few other Cherokees to do likewise.

Thomas later maintained that he had never intended to involve the Indians in the Civil War, that in fact he wanted them to remain neutral. Only after outside pressures on them to enlist had become unbearable, he said, did he organize them under his command in order to keep them in their homeland and prevent their being abused by officers unfamiliar with their ways. These arguments are not convincing. The fact is that Thomas campaigned for creation of a Cherokee battalion very early in the war, long before passage of the conscription law. For a while he was even willing to countenance the possibility of Cherokee soldiers being sent to the swamps and lowlands of coastal North Carolina. Then, after losing his race for the Confederate Congress, he saw himself as the logical leader of a large military force which included Indian units. It was through his initiative that the Cherokees became participants.

The war had been a disaster for the Indians. Immediately upon its conclusion a devastating epidemic raged among them, bringing to a superstitious people what appeared to be retribution for joining a war that did not concern them. The survivors were hungry, dispirited, and bedeviled by a host of problems and uncertainties. Most ominous was the bitter division among themselves, a factionalism resulting in part from the war and in part from the vacuum of leadership left by Thomas. The old days of harmony and consensus were gone forever.

Excerpted from ***The Eastern Band of the Cherokee 1819-1900****, published in 1984 by the University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, Tenn. Reprinted by permission.*

John R. Finger is associate professor of history at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville.

James I. Robertson Jr.

The War in Southwestern Virginia

Historian James I. Robertson Jr. has published more than 20 books on the Civil War including ***General A.P. Hill: The Story of a Confederate Warrior****;* ***Soldier's Blue and Gray*** *(which was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize) and a recent guide to the Civil War for young readers. He is professor of history at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg where his classes on the Civil War draw more than 400 students.*

For a conference on the Civil War in Southwest Virginia at Emory & Henry College this spring, he turned his attention to the Appalachian part of Virginia. In his talk, he described how he came to know the mountainous part of the state: "For more than 200 years, my family's roots have been nurtured by the Virginia Piedmont. I passed through the teenage years with the typical Old Dominion attitude that the western border of the state began at my hometown, Danville, and extended in a line northward through Lynchburg, Charlottesville and Warrenton. Everything to the west was wilderness. When our high school football team came to Roanoke every other year to play Jefferson High, we always took this to be an out-of-state game.

"Twenty-five years ago, I joined the faculty at Virginia Tech. Blacksburg has been my home longer than any other place. I have become an adopted son of Southwestern Virginia."

Southwest Virginia, Robertson said, is dismissed by most historians as a "tag-along in Virginia affairs." That's wrong, he told the audience of scholars, students and area residents. "One has only to delve into Civil War history to see the absurdity of such charges. It is a story of sharply divided loyalties, of steadfastness and aggressiveness, of courage and perseverance." He vividly described the agonizing war years in a mountainous part of Virginia that, unlike the rest of the Western part of the state (which became the state of West Virginia), supported the Confederacy.

In December 1860, the secession of South Carolina from the United States started a chain reaction through every Southern state, pitting neighbor against neighbor. Such was the case in Southwestern Virginia. A secessionist flag quickly appeared over the Wytheville courthouse. At Abingdon, a similar standard was stretched across the main street. Abingdon Unionist William C. Clark stood up to a mob and demanded that it tear down what he called "that damned rag," adding, "Boys, it is not the flag of our fathers."

When a Marion native publicly stated his allegiance to the Union and President Lincoln, an angry mob quickly surrounded him. The Marion newspaper reported that townspeople rode the Unionist to jail on "one of those things what old Abe split." Patriotic citizens in Wytheville demolished a new house of ill-fame, not because of its business, but because it called itself "Fort Sumter."

In Carroll County, at a public debate, the secessionist and the Unionist got into a fistfight on the stage. Later the Unionist, face bloodied and swollen, went before a grand jury to press charges. The jury refused to hand down an indictment—on the grounds that the man got exactly what he deserved.

Secessionists controlled Southwestern Virginia weeks before secession. In April a Marion newspaper correspondent wrote, "The people of this once proud Old Dominion have been under the rule of Abraham Lincoln quite long enough. . . ."

The majority of Southwestern delegates to Virginia's secession convention agreed. On April 17, 1861, when the roll call came, 18 of those 21 delegates voted for withdrawal from the Union.

When its delegates voted for secession, Southwestern Virginia contained slightly more than 100,000 people. Small grain- and livestock-producing farms were the norm. Coal, lead, iron and salt mining were rising industries.

It is misleading to conclude that the mountains blocked the slave economy. By 1860, some 15,000 blacks labored in the fields or the mines. At least 1,035 free blacks also dwelled here. Good jobs for them were nonexistent, and at any time free blacks might be kidnapped and sold back into slavery.

A week after secession, five companies of recruits were drilling in Smyth County alone. A Marion resident boasted, "Our boys will fight like young devils. Abraham had better look out for squalls."

Tazewell County sent men into 20 different companies of infantry and cavalry. Washington County had six companies organized and drilling by the end of April. Washington County would contribute about 2,000 men for the armies—roughly half its male population. The *Wytheville Times* discontinued publication when its editor and staff all enlisted in the Confederate army.

Eight officers from this region became Confederate generals, and Southwesterners were in some of Virginia's most famous military units. Their patriotism was often suspect, however, because Southwestern Virginia was on the fringe of the Confederacy and because the area had strong, covert pockets of Unionism.

Southwestern Virginia mountain ranges are high and long, the valleys narrow, the roads few and poor. Such geography hampered large-scale movement by any invading Federals. At the same time, such terrain was easy to defend against a hostile force. Yet stripped of so much manpower, the Southwestern home front was in danger of becoming defenseless. County governments quickly authorized "vigilante committees," local defense forces, county patrols and the like in an effort to maintain law and order.

In every county, Unionist sentiment existed to some degree. Tazewell County officials, by late summer, 1861, had

arrested several suspected spies. A resident noted sadly that "every stranger that passes through here is suspected." Areas such as Floyd County became mountain strongholds for bands opposed to the Southern war effort.

Anti-Confederate sentiments increased because of a number of factors. Impressment and conscription were the leading irritants. Impressment meant, to many citizens, plain stealing. Government agents, on behalf of the Southern armies, would confiscate livestock, crops, wagons and the like regularly.

Washington County sheriff S.H. Lewis denounced agents who "had taken nearly all the food from the families." In Tazewell County, Hattie Tynes told her soldier-husband that Confederate agents had seized 20 to 25 bushels of corn and all the chickens, leaving the family with no food.

Reaction to impressment paled beside the resentment sparked by conscription. The first draft law, in April 1862, required all white males from 18 to 35 to stand by for military service. Then the Confederate Congress enacted a series of exemption acts that favored the educated and affluent. A man owning 20 or more slaves did not have to go into the army—nor did any man able and willing to hire a substitute to serve in his place.

Many Unionists fled to avoid military service. Others accepted their fate and entered the army. Yet the very unwilling deserted at the first opportunity and took sanctuary in the Southwestern mountains.

For citizens of limited means—the majority — the North-South struggle thus became "a rich man's war but a poor man's fight."

Southwestern Virginia's natural resources helped to sustain the Confederacy. Rich veins of coal supplied fuel for such vessels as the CSS Virginia, giving the Confederacy a semblance of a fighting navy in the war's first years.

For bullets, artillery shells and other ammunition, the South relied on iron mines throughout Southwestern Virginia and on the rich lead deposits in Wythe County. A visitor to the lead mines in July 1861 wrote, "The yield of lead is equal to three tons per day, and the mines and furnaces are worked day and night."

Time and war took their toll. Bad weather, poor transportation and lack of skilled labor soon brought production at the lead mines to almost a standstill. The story of the Wythe lead mines is a microcosm of the Southern war effort.

Southwest Virginia was the Confederacy's primary source for salt, which provided a vital nutrient for beef cattle and horses. Moreover, it was then the only mineral that preserved meat for long periods of time. Salt was the difference between nourishment and starvation for both the Southern people and the Confederate armies.

The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, which had opened in 1856, transported salt to the military front and population centers; but as the railroad deteriorated during the war, shipments decreased. Inflation steadily rose. When the war began, a sack of salt in Virginia sold for 65 cents; by 1864 the same sack of salt cost $20. Thus protecting the Saltville area against Federal cavalry raids was imperative.

With one notable exception, military campaigns in Southwest Virginia never reached the level of major battles in the central and eastern parts of Virginia. Still, the Southwest felt the heavy hand of war off and on throughout the struggle.

Beginning in the autumn of 1861, a series of skirmishes occurred along the western borders of Lee, Wise and Buchanan counties. Federal cavalry from East Tennessee destroyed several bridges on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, but repair parties were able to get the line back in operation. In March and June 1862, fighting took place at Pound Gap.

A year later, in July 1863, a Federal raiding party under Col. John Toland swooped down on Wytheville. So many rumors had floated in the past of imminent Union threats that townspeople no longer paid heed to them. Hence, Wytheville citizens were unprepared when Federal cavalrymen struck

Why didn't Southwest Virginia become part of West Virginia when that part of the state broke off from Secessionist Virginia?

"The answer has to do with economics," says Edwin T. Hardison, dean of instruction and student services at Virginia Highlands Community College and an expert on Andrew Johnson. "For years there had been a disgust in Southwest Virginia with Eastern Virginia. At one point Southwest Virginia had been called 'Little Tennessee' because it was easier and made more economic sense to trade with Kentucky or Tennessee. But when the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad opened in 1856, it tied Southwest Virginia to Eastern Virginia economically and politically. The railroad ran down the center of Southwestern Virginia and from Bristol to Lynchburg. It was the crowning engineering achievement of the antebellum era in Virginia with five tunnels and 230 bridges including the 700-foot span over the New River.

"It made tobacco profitable in this area. In 1850 there wasn't much tobacco being grown here. By 1860 every one of the Southwestern counties that bordered on the railroad or was close to the railroad had at least a thousand pounds of tobacco sales. And if tobacco was profitable, it meant slavery was profitable. In Washington, Montgomery, Wythe and Smyth counties, there was a dramatic increase in slavery. The railroad provided a good way to transport slaves back and forth. And slaves essentially built the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad.

"The rest of Western Virginia was isolated because of the mountains and had almost no slaves. It had no stake in secession and the Confederacy. There were primarily small farmers in Southwest Virginia, but there was also a fair number of planters and other individuals who did have slaves. So the region bound to Eastern Virginia by the railroad cast its lot with the Confederacy and ended its traditional alliance with the northwestern counties that later became West Virginia."

Edwin T. Hardison spoke on the Secession Crisis of 1861 in Southwest Virginia at the 1993 seminar, "The Civil War — and Beyond," at Emory & Henry College.

the town and burned public and private dwellings. After Confederate reserves and home guard units drove off the enemy, killing Col. Toland in the process, looting began. One resident stated that the stealing "was at first thought to have been done by the free negroes and such, but it was soon discovered that some white people of the town ... who hold their heads quite high had lots of stolen goods concealed."

The largest battle in the history of Southwest Virginia occurred May 9, 1864, at Cloyds Mountain. A Federal army snaked through the Allegheny Mountains and struck for Dublin to smash the railroad from there northward to the "long Bridge" over the New River. Makeshift Confederate forces moved quickly to meet the threat. About five miles north of Dublin, some 9,000 soldiers collided in vicious combat that lasted little more than an hour. There were over 1,200 casualties. The hero of the engagement was Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes of the 23rd Ohio, who went from there to the White House.

Four months later, another contingent of 5,000 Union soldiers marched from Kentucky into Tazewell County and thence toward Saltville. Confederate troops beat back this offensive on the edge of Saltville itself.

In December 1864, Federals returned in force. Some 4,500 cavalry under General George Stoneman struck the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad near Marion. They drove a small mounted force of Confederates 28 miles eastward to Wytheville, which was surprised and captured. There the Union raiders burned depots and storehouses crammed with equipment, including hundreds of sabers, muskets and packsaddles. They destroyed the important lead works nearby and set fire to houses.

On December 17 the Union cavalry returned to Marion, burning railroad and turnpike bridges along the way. Stoneman's next target, Saltville, was captured the following day and its salt works totally demolished. On the railroad spur leading to Saltville the Federals captured and burned 13 trains.

Resuming their march westward along the Virginia and Tennessee, Stoneman's troopers burned Abingdon; they burned

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Green Hills, Blue Hearts

Unionists in other states shared many characteristics with those in Southwestern Virginia. Those in Northern Alabama, for example, were mostly small farmers who resented the wealth and power of Black Belt planters. Like Unionism in Southwestern Virginia, opposition to Confederate policy increased with the introduction of conscription, tax-in-kind and impressment.

Eastern Tennessee probably experienced the most active, virulent Unionism among Confederate states. Leaders such as William G. Brownlow, Thomas A.R. Nelson and Andrew Johnson aroused considerable anti-Confederate sentiment in the Tennessee mountains. Most of their disciples were small farmers who thought that secession would only benefit the upper classes. Tennessee Unionists, however, did not generally oppose slavery; indeed, they resented blacks, free or slaves, for depriving them of possible employment.

Like their comrades in Virginia and Alabama, Unionists in Eastern Tennessee experienced retribution from Confederates. Violence in this region, however, exceeded that in Southwestern Virginia; between 2,000 to 3,000 civilians died in guerrilla warfare between Unionists and Confederates.

In West Virginia, most citizens at the beginning of the war remained pro-Confederate. Bitter internecine fighting erupted, however, between Unionists and Confederate sympathizers. But since West Virginia was a Union state it never experienced the degree of retribution from Confederate troops and authorities as did those Unionists in other Southern states.

The sectional rivalry that existed between Eastern and Western Virginians also prevailed in North Carolina. Small farmers and artisans populated most of the central, western and coastal areas of the Tarheel state. Their society differed culturally, socially and economically from the slaveholding, planter society in Eastern and Southern North Carolina. The central Piedmont in particular, had a large population of artisans and an economy based upon free rather than slave labor.

The presence of religious sects that embraced pacifism was also a common feature of Southwestern Virginia and central and western North Carolina. Many German Baptists or Dunkards settled in the valleys and hillsides of Southwestern Virginia, especially in Botetourt, Floyd and Montgomery counties. Similarly, Quakers formed a so-called "belt" across Piedmont North Carolina. Wesleyans, an abolitionist splinter of the Northern Methodist church, also settled in the region, influencing its population with their anti-slavery and pacifist ideals. Quakers and Wesleyans were more active than the Dunkards in their Unionism.

An absence of roads and railroads (except the Virginia and Tennessee in Southwestern Virginia) was another common characteristic of mountain areas. Such isolation contributed to anti-government feelings.

However, Unionism in North Carolina was more prevalent and caused more violence than in Southwestern Virginia. The region supported a staunch loyalty to the idea of a Federal government long before the secession crisis. The class tension between non-slave holders and slave holders erupted during the Civil War. Although such antagonism existed in Western Virginia, most of it was centered in the Northwestern section that formed West Virginia.

The existence of Unionism in Southwestern Virginia and other Southern states during the Civil War supports the theory that the Confederacy died because of insufficient nationalism. Economic hardships increased as the Confederate army struggled to survive. In a grasp at survival, the Confederate government imposed the unpopular policies intended to raise money, crops and troops for the army. Such attempts at survival only intensified deep-seated class and regional antagonisms between planters and yeomen. Internal dissension resulting from economic deprivation and class resentment prevented the growth of a strong Confederate nationalism and disprove the myth of a solid South.

— Cathleen Carlson Reynolds

Cathleen Carlson Reynolds

Unionism in Southwest Virginia

Over one-fourth of Southwest Virginians voted against secession. Such a large minority provided a basis for the growth of Unionism. Growing dissent in Southwest Virginia alarmed the state and Confederate governments. In March 1862, after warnings from Brigadier General Humphrey Marshall, Jefferson Davis declared martial law in Wise, Scott, Lee and Buchanan counties. Davis also suspended the writ of habeas corpus in order to enforce conscription and control spies, deserters and potential traitors.

Southwest Virginia adopted the provost marshal system to maintain order and protect property. Provost marshals hunted down stragglers and deserters from Confederate regiments. They prowled train and stage depots, rode trains and patrolled the countryside looking for spies and Union sympathizers. Opposition developed as citizens and politicians criticized the intrusion of privacy and trampling of constitutional rights.

I studied records of the post-war Southern Claims Commission, which judged requests for reimbursement for property taken from loyal Unionists by Federal troops during the war. Of 261 citizens who applied, 137 Unionists were selected. Any aid or comfort given to the Confederacy, including payment of taxes and service in the military, disqualified applicants. Claims were investigated between 1871 and 1880. Eight of the Unionists in the study were black and mostly worked as farm laborers. Six of these were slaves during the war. Only five Unionists from the study group owned slaves. Like most of the people of Southwest Virginia at that time, the majority of Unionists in the study group worked small farms. Fifty of the group held a variety of skilled and semi-skilled jobs including carpenters, blacksmiths, salt makers, cobblers, saddlers, miners, millers and stonecutters. The only professional occupation represented was the ministry with 13 Dunkard ministers, members of a pacifist sect, eight of whom also farmed. The 10 women who filed claims worked as farm wives and housekeepers.

Few people in this study embraced Unionism for purely ideological reasons. The survival of their farms and families, rather than love for the Union, prompted their disloyalty to the Confederacy. Others grew disaffected when unpopular government policies such as impressment and tax-in-kind threatened their livelihood. Conscription also caused many neutral citizens to become Unionists when their breadwinner was taken away to fight. Finally, a small group of pacifists embraced Unionism as harassment from the Confederate government increased. Economic pragmatists refused to support a government that they believed would destroy their way of life. Their resentment toward slave holders and wealthy planters also stirred them to active disloyalty. These groups coalesced in 1864, turning Southwest Virginia into a hotbed of Unionist activity.

Unionists were continually persecuted by Confederate authorities. Thirty-five members of the study group testified that they were threatened; 26 were arrested or imprisoned. Most of those threatened had harbored deserters or escaped Federal prisoners. Other Unionists incurred the wrath of Confederate authorities by committing acts of violence.

But violence by Unionists was rare compared to violence and persecution against them. Without the writ of habeas corpus binding them, county sheriffs and government detectives arbitrarily arrested citizens suspected of Unionism. Many prisoners were sent to Dublin in Pulaski County, but some unfortunates awaited judgment in Castle Thunder in Richmond. Formerly a tobacco factory, the Castle held political prisoners and deserters. It gained an evil reputation among Unionists who circulated stories of prisoners being hung by their thumbs. A popular ballad intoned, "I'd ruther be on the Grandfather Mountain, A'taking the snow and rain, Than to be in Castle Thunder, A'wearing the ball and chain."

Several Southwest Virginians entered Castle Thunder. Nine Unionists from Roanoke, arrested for criticizing conscription, spent two months in the Castle. The next year several men from Pulaski County were imprisoned there.

Over 12,071, out of the total number of 103,400, Confederate soldiers in Virginia regiments deserted during the war. According to Confederate reports, many of these deserters lived in Floyd, Montgomery and Botetourt counties.

An "underground railroad" — similar to the antebellum system which spirited slaves north — helped Unionists, especially deserters, reach Union lines.

Floyd County became known as "Sisson's Kingdom," named after a large Unionist family. Men from the family had volunteered for service and then deserted. Family members and friends encouraged other deserters to join the band and defied attempts by Confederates to capture them. Relatives of captured deserters attacked conscript officers who ventured into the "infested county."

By 1864, Southwest Virginia deserters ran rampant, and a secret anti-Confederate organization, the Heroes of America, grew stronger. Two Confederate spies, posing as captured Unionists, learned from a fellow inmate that "nearly all the people in the lower end of the county of Washington and county of Scott were members of the order."

That such disloyalty existed in the capital state of the Confederacy and the home of fierce devotion to the Lost Cause may help to explain the failure of the Confederacy to survive.

*Cathleen Carlson Reynolds was one of the organizers of the seminars, "The Civil War in Southwest Virginia—and Beyond," held at Clinch Valley College in 1992 and at Emory & Henry College in 1993. She processes historical materials at the Wytheville Community College Library. This work is excerpted from her 1987 master's thesis for the University of Alabama at Birmingham, **A Pragmatic Loyalty: Unionism in Southwestern Virginia, 1861-1865**, and from her essay "The Civil War in Southwestern Virginia," which was funded by the Virgina Foundation for the Humanities and published in the Bulletin of the Washington County Historical Society.*

James I. Robertson Jr.

Bristol; they destroyed all factories, foundries, mills and warehouses along their route. They gathered 2,000 horses, 1,000 mules and hundreds of runaway slaves. The railroad was virtually nonexistent, for the Federals had wrecked every railroad bridge — more than 50 — for a distance of 85 miles east of Bristol.

Meanwhile, lawlessness was paramount in Southwestern Virginia. Deserters roamed the backcountry roads in open defiance of the law. Bushwhackers preyed upon the innocent and the weak. While describing lawless bands of bandits who rode through Washington County, an observer stated, "These men traveled ... over the county ... and robbed the citizens indiscriminately of their money, clothing, horses, saddles, bridles, their grain and forage, by force and actual violence ...."

Troops dispatched from Richmond too often added to criminal deeds rather than curbed them. Meanwhile, organizations such as the "Heroes of America" worked secretly to disrupt Confederate activity. The full extent of their activity is unknown and doubtless underestimated.

Social instability took its toll on morale. In 1862 James W. Sage of Lee County complained that "our county has suffered but little from the Northern men but by the South immensely." The following year, Ewell Gardner of Scott County observed that "times is purtey hard.... I bleve the people is giten tired of ware in this County." By 1864, a Union guide swore that Lee County had some of the most "heartles scoundrels [who] most foully and inhumanely murdered" any Unionist they captured.

The women of wartime Southwest Virginia deserve more attention than they have received. They sustained the men and upheld the home front with remarkable stamina. Ladies aid societies materialized in every community. Spinning wheels and looms were brought from garrets and lumber-rooms and put into active use to make socks, shirts and coats for the soldiers. Many women overturned taboos to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers. In March 1862 a member of the 58th Virginia stated, "Our sick have been generously received into the private houses of the citizens of [Abingdon] and treated with the utmost kindness and care."

Wives assumed responsibility for the homeplace or the farm. They raised and nursed their children. They endured the heart wrenching agony of learning that loved ones would not be coming home.

About 17,000 men from Southwestern Virginia served in Confederate armies. Conservatively speaking, a fourth of them perished. Twice as many Pulaski County men died in the Civil War than fell in World War II when the county's population had more than quadrupled.

Men and women alike in Southwest Virginia shared a burden in the 1860s that the American people had never known. In the end, the cost was crippling. Want, need, speculation, impressment, conscription, inflation, invasion, devastation, deaths, sickness and other privations brought Virginians to their knees and the Confederacy to its grave. Part of the price of reunion was the destruction of the Old Dominion.

Excerpted from James I. Robertson Jr.'s address to the seminar "The Civil War — and Beyond — in Southwest Virginia," March 1993, Emory & Henry College.

Flags

Response to an African-American student who objected to a fellow student flying a Confederate flag: "Many white Southerners simply don't realize how threatening you find the Confederate flag. I'm not saying they'd stop displaying it if they did realize that (they might just tell you to get over it), but it's a fact that most of them don't mean what you think they mean."

— John Shelton Reed
Spectator

The largest dinner attraction in the nation is the Dixie Stampede in Pigeon Forge, Tenn., near the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Up to 1,000 people dine during a show that features dancers, livestock and horses.

"Appalachians have held a special feeling about the flag of the United States. . . . Great areas of Appalachia remained loyal to the Union in the Civil War. West Virginia seceded from Virginia and became a Union State. Kentucky was split, and many mountain counties were behind the Union. East Tennessee was a hotbed of Union sympathizers. North Georgia and Northern Alabama had pro-Union counties."

— Loyal Jones,
"Appalachian Values" in
Voices from the Hills

Antietam

"Not many people stop and come in,"
says the volunteer park employee,
"The car pulls over . . .
I can hear the conversation.
The kids say, 'Not another cemetery.'
'It's too hot,' the wife says.
And the car pulls away.
It's a disadvantage,
not having a road through . . .
Nope, don't have many visitors here,
no immediate survivors, if you know what I mean,
— not like anybody feels real close
to anyone buried here."

I hear the crows caw in the corn.
I hear the cardinals calling from the trees.
But the air is as heavy as wet wool.
And the sky looks like lead
at Antietam.

On the battlefield, the grass is dry,
scorched by a late spring drought.
I walk down the sunken road,
a short stretch, running down between grassy banks
topped on either side by grey split rail fences,
— not a long road at all,
maybe the distance between my backdoor
and my neighbor's wood pile.
Four thousand casualties here — how is that possible?
unless bodies tumbled one over the other over the other
till they were stacked like wood, grained blue and grey.

The corn has come up green in the cornfield.
The cornstalks are as high as my knees.
They were dry and higher than a man
on the day when both stalks and men were cut down together.

The Antietam still flows under Lower Bridge.
Georgia rifles pointing down from the bluff above,
made the span a stone-walled gauntlet,
halting Burnside's whole division for hours.

Would I have said to General Burnside,
"Sir, the water is only waist deep.
We don't have to cross the bridge."
And if he would not have listened,
would I have waded across and back,
and come to him with my blue trousers muddy and wet,
and said, "Sir, I have crossed the Antietam and come back.
The water is only waist deep."
And Burnside's thundering reply,
"McClelland's orders are to take the bridge.
By God, we will take the bridge!"
"But maybe he thinks the Antietam is a mighty river, sir.
Maybe he doesn't know that it is a shallow creek, sir."
"Silence!"

I walk the trail along the Antietam.
The ground and air are moist
although there has been no rain.
Caught in the branches of a fallen tree,
the bloated body of an animal
floats belly up.
Flies cover its white skin.

The air thickens around me.
It is dark when I reach the top of the hill.
The blue and grey uniforms of the fallen
would look all the same color in the moonlight.

I walk the roads,
I walk the trails,
I walk the fields,
of Antietam.

— Anna Egan Smucker

Anna Egan Smucker lives with her family in Bridgeport, W. Va. Her children's book, ***No Star Nights****, is published by Knopf, and her new book,* ***Outside the Window,*** *will be published by Knopf in 1994.*

Distaff Sergeants

West Virginia Women

The Civil War profoundly affected the lives of all Appalachian women, both during and after the war. These West Virginians worked to record the war's effect, alleviate its damage or even, in Boyd's case, to affect its outcome.

Belle Boyd

1844-1900

During the Civil War, Belle Boyd served as a spy for the confederacy. On July 4, 1861, she shot and killed a Union soldier who entered her home and insulted her mother. The following year, while visiting relatives in Front Royal, Virginia, she overheard a plan to capture General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson. Boyd crossed the lines to get this information to the Confederacy, which helped lead to the Confederate victory at Strasburg, Va. Captured and later released, Boyd was appointed as an honorary aide to Jackson. She continued her spying, was arrested for a second time and banished to Confederate territory. In 1864, while sailing to England, her ship was captured. Eventually released, she was married in England to a Union soldier who had been her guard on the ship.

A woodcut of Belle Boyd in the Richmond, Va., *Southern Illustrated News*, October 11, 1862.

Kate Field

1838-1896

An actress and journalist, Kate Field is noted for her efforts to preserve John Brown's Fort. John Brown took refuge in the fort during his 1859 raid at Harpers Ferry. The fort was exhibited at the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago and then sold to a man who intended to use it as a stable. Field started a successful campaign to raise money to buy the fort and return it to Harpers Ferry. It was returned in 1896 and rebuilt two miles away from its original location. In 1910, the building was moved to the campus of Storer College. The fort was moved once more in 1968 into downtown Harpers Ferry, much closer to its original location.

Rebecca Harding Davis

1831-1910

Rebecca Harding Davis was an author whose works are characterized by their grim realism. Her first story, "Life in the Iron Mills," about the life of industrial working girls, was published in *Atlantic Monthly* in 1861. The next year in the same magazine she published "David Gaunt," a story about Wheeling's split sympathies during the Civil War. She wrote many full-length novels; one, *Waiting for the Verdict*, was about race relations in the North.

Anna Jarvis & Anna Reeves Jarvis

1864-1948 & 1832-1905

Mother's Day was founded by Anna Jarvis in tribute to her mother, Anna Reeves Jarvis, who had organized women to fight for better sanitary conditions, worked to keep her church together during the Civil War and organized Mother's Friendship Day to reunite neighbors and friends after the war. In 1908, Anna Jarvis organized the first memorial service to mothers in Grafton. In 1914, Congress declared that the second Sunday in May would be known as Mother's Day.

Julia Augusta Pierpont

1828-1886

In 1866, the first Memorial Day was organized by Julia Pierpont while her husband, Francis Pierpont, was serving in Richmond as the head of the restored government of Virginia. Mrs. Pierpont noticed that the graves of Confederate soldiers were decorated and cared for, while those of Union soldiers were neglected. She resolved to strew flowers on all the graves once a year. Two years later, General John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, designated May 30 as Memorial Day.

Used with permission from West Virginia University's Public History Program.

Julia Marcum

Scott County's (And the USA's) Only Woman to Receive a Pension For Her Civil War Service

In Scott County, Tennessee (Huntsville, the County Seat), I was born in the year 1844, the 7th day of November. My father and mother, Hiram C. Marcum and Permelia Huff Marcum, lived and owned a farm on the Waters of Buffalo Creek four miles east of Huntsville, the county seat of Scott County.

Hiram C. Marcum was a son of Arthur Marcum and Ann Marcum. She was Ann Bransgrove. Father had four brothers: Joseph, John, William, and George and three sisters: Polly, Tabitha, and Luvina. My mother (Permelia Huff Marcum) was a daughter of John and Prudence Christian Huff. The Huffs were descendants of England and Ireland, the Marcums of England.

Hiram and Permelia Marcum had five children, one son, Clayburn; four daughters: Didama, Minerva, Julia Ann and Martha Ellen.

He was a farmer, lived on his farm, made a living and was a happy, law-abiding Christian man and also his family. He stood for the flag the freedom of America and its perfect laws.

In the year 1861, the south seceded against the North for slaves and bondage of slaves. Hiram Marcum was for freedom of our nation and its liberties for the people. In the year of 1861, the secendants declared war against the North. Father stood for the Union. Then they mustered their armies and their people became enraged toward each other and the Rebels invaded our County as there were but few Rebels in the County. They sent their armies there to kill and destroy our men, women and property. They came to our home and hunted for Marcum, watched night and day to kill him because he was a union man for the Federal side and threatened his family with death if we did not tell where he was. Then, on the 7th night of September, at 2 o'clock in the morning, 1861, they came to our house, broke the door open with bayonets on their guns and said there was 36 men around who had come to kill Marcum and would kill all the women and burn us all in the house. We began to holler and scream for help.

Just one soldier stayed in the house. We burned tallow candles all that day and time. There was but a small piece of candle and sister Didama got hold of a match and lighted it. He picked out at us with the bayonet on his gun and choked Mother. Didama ran upstairs to get another candle, he ran upstairs, grabbed hold of her and said he would cut her throat and burn us all in the house. She screamed for help. Father was hid out on the farm. He heard us calling for help. All the weapons that we had in the house were two chopping axes. Minerva got one and I the other one. Two men ran from the door just as I started upstairs. Minerva threw her ax down. I went on up. He struck at me with the bayonet on his gun, I ran under the gun and chopped him in the face and breast with the ax, cut him to the hollow and split his chin open with the ax, getting the best of him. I knocked his gun from his hands, he staggered around and around and said "don't chop me any more." But I did not stop. He got hold of the gun and stuck the bayonet in my forehead, burst my skull, knocked my brains out, put out my left eye and shot my third finger off my right hand. Father came up the stairs just as the gun fell out of his hands. Father shot him in the shoulder, he fell dead.

The light was knocked out. All was in darkness. I was knocked unconscious and didn't come to for some time. They got a light and brought me back to life. Father brought me downstairs, laid me on the bed and took his gun and went out of the house, but all the rest of the Rebels had run off. Then I asked Father to leave for they would come back and kill him and he went away from home. Then, Brother Clayburn went out to get somebody to come to our assistance. As he went, he found the horse the Rebel had ridden there in the lane. He got on it and rode to several houses and begged for help. He got one woman, Mrs. Taylor to come with him.

He turned the horse loose. It went back to camp a mile and half from our home. Colonel Raines' regiment was camped there. When daylight came, Mother sent Mrs. Taylor to tell the Colonel of it and to come and take the old dead Rebel away from her house. Captain Gordon came with a company of soldiers, when he saw me, he sent back to the regiment for their doctors. They dressed my wounds and took the dead man away. We were left in a terrible fix to the mercy of the Rebels but they went away.

Mother sent and got Dr. Hart to care for me. He came and doctored me with all human care that was in him. It was three months before I was to get out of the house, but the war still continued. Brother was not strong. He could not take up arms. He was just fourteen years old. Then, father came back home. Thought he could stay with us, but the Rebels still came and camped there and destroyed all we had. They came back and shot at me. Came near killing me. Then they shot and killed George Marcum, a cousin of mine, right by me. He was a Union soldier. They drove us away from our house January 1862. We traveled through the snow and mountains to Kentucky, went to Green River in Casey County.

*Used by permission of the **Whitley Republican**, which printed it November 8, 1984, from a handwritten account of Julia Marcum's Civil War experiences provided by Dr. Ralph Denham, Louisville, Ky. Thanks to Meredith Sue Willis for providing this narrative to **Now and Then**.*

Unionists vs. Secessionists

TIME LINE

Nov. 1860	Dec. 20, 1860	Jan. 9 - Feb. 1,1861	April 12, 1861	April 15, 1861	April 17 - June 8, 1861
Abraham Lincoln elected president.	South Carolina secedes from Union.	Six more states secede: Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas.	Confederates attack Fort Sumter in South Carolina. Federal troops surrender. Secessionist sentiment grows.	President Lincoln calls for 75,000 troops, including recruits from Southern states that are, as yet, Union.	Four additional states secede: Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee.

Note: Votes on secession were taken in different ways and at different times. Tennessee held a popular referendum. Others either held state convention or held special elections to decide whether or not to hold such conventions. Conditions changed radically and quickly, so elections held only a few months or even weeks apart could spell great differences in the minds of the electorate. Counties shown are drawn as they were in 1860.

Kentucky

As soon as Abraham Lincoln was elected president, Governor Beriah Magoffin began working to stem the secessionist tide. But when President Lincoln called for Kentucky to contribute troops to quell secessionist governments, Magoffin replied, "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." He also refused requests to send troops to support the Confederacy. However, hundreds of Kentuckians hurried to join the army in the South, a move tacitly accepted by a governor sympathetic to the Confederacy.

In a special session of the state legislature in mid-May 1861, the house and senate resolved "That this State and the citizens thereof shall take no part in the civil war now being waged, except as mediators and friends to the belligerent parties; and that Kentucky should, during the contest, occupy the position of strict neutrality. . . ." Another resolution approved Magoffin's refusal to furnish Union troops to Lincoln. By September 1861, however, the legislature voted to abandon neutrality and support the Union.

Both Union and Confederate sentiments continued to thrive in Kentucky. While many Bluegrass counties sent far more soldiers to the South than to the North, the mountains provided more Union soldiers. Pulaski County, for instance, in the southeastern mountains, sent more than 1,200 men out of its military population of 1,560 to the Union. For more on Kentucky, see "The Battle of Mill Springs, Kentucky," page 46.

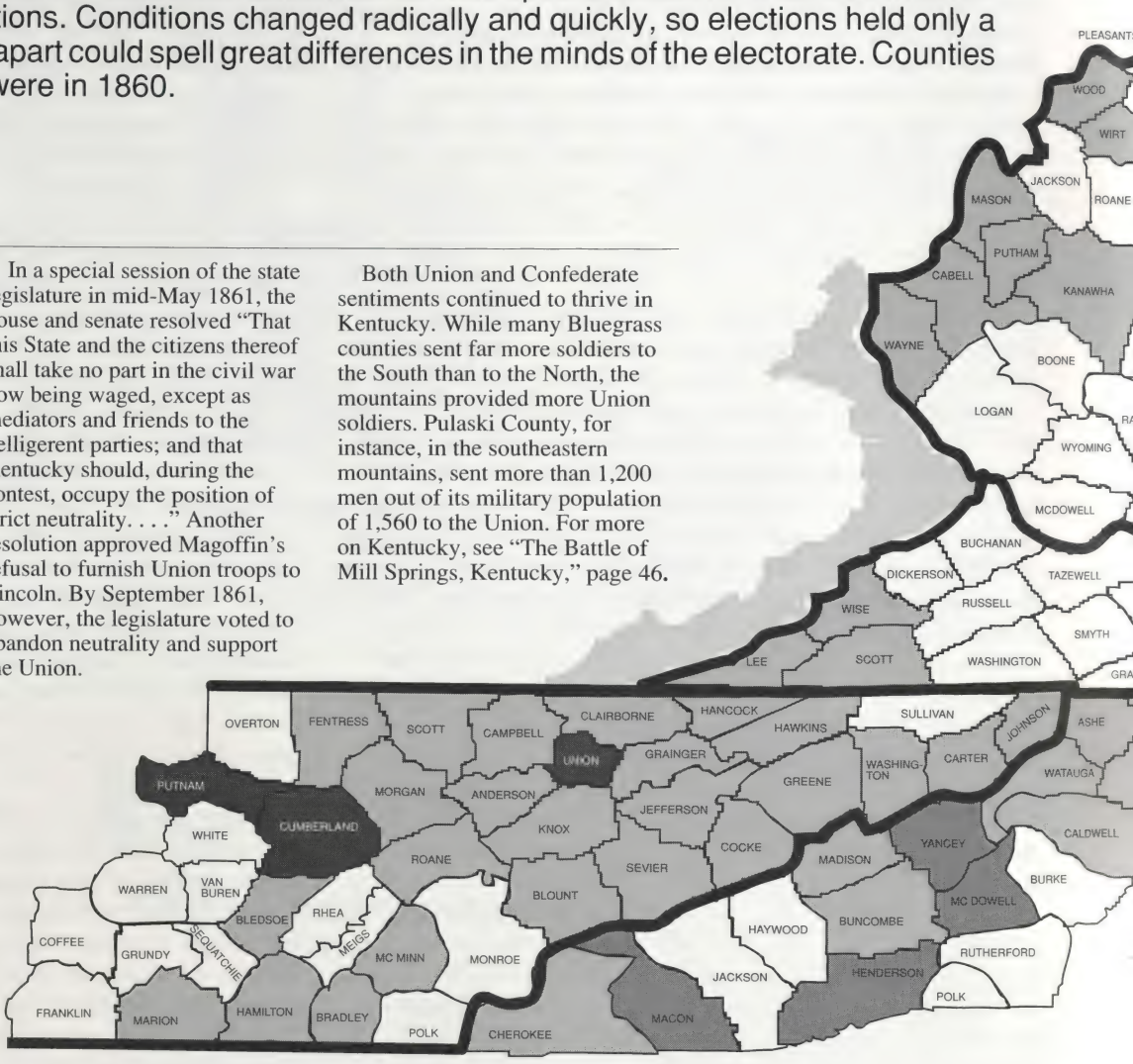
Tennessee

Popular vote to separate from Union, June 8, 1861

Before the firing on Fort Sumter, there was little support in Tennessee for secession, even though Governor Isham G. Harris advocated joining South Carolina in leaving the Union. A popular referendum in February 1861 did not even support holding a convention to determine whether the state should secede.

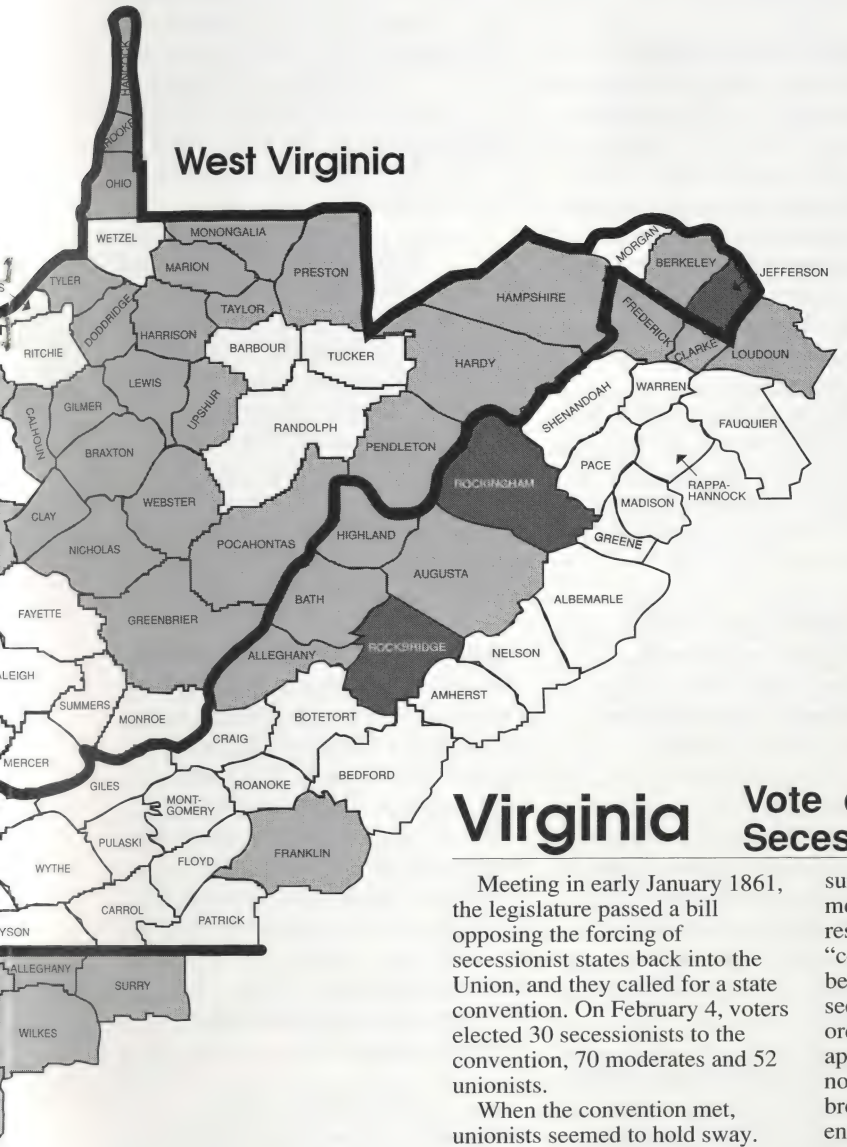
After the firing on Fort Sumter, the state legislature voted to hold a referendum in which voters would simply be asked to choose between "separation" or "no separation" on June 8. Few East Tennessee legislators even supported holding such a vote, though the rest of the state was not so reluctant. When it came to the popular vote, the great majority of Tennessee voters supported secession—a margin of 70 percent to 30 percent. However, East Tennesseans voted overwhelmingly to stay with the union 48,000 to 18,000 (72 percent opposed and 28 for). Notations on this map are from that vote.

Delegates to a special Unionist meeting held shortly afterwards, the Greeneville Convention, passed a resolution seeking consent to form a separate state. Though the legislature heard the request, no action resulted.



Map by Charles Moore and Martin Edwards. Notes by Pat Arnow. Layout by Kimberly Boyd.

in Southern Appalachia 1861



Union (Virginia and North Carolina Delegation, Tennessee Popular Vote)

Secession (Virginia and North Carolina Delegation, Tennessee Popular Vote)

North Carolina Conditional Union Delegation

Virginia Divided Delegation

Not Available (Tennessee)

Sources: *The Secession Movement in Virginia 1847-1861* by Henry T. Shanks, 1934. *The Secession Movement in North Carolina* by Joseph Carlyle Sitterson, 1939. *Mountain Masters, Slavery, and the Sectional Crisis in Western North Carolina*, by John Inscoe, 1989. *Vanquished Volunteers: East Tennessee Sectionalism from Statehood to Secession* by Eric Russell, 1965. *Tennessee Votes: 1799-1976* by Anne H. Hopkins and William Lyons, Bureau of Public Administration, 1978. *The Civil War and Readjustment in Kentucky* by E. Merton Coulter, 1966.

Virginia — Vote on secession by delegates to the Secession Convention, April 17, 1861

Meeting in early January 1861, the legislature passed a bill opposing the forcing of secessionist states back into the Union, and they called for a state convention. On February 4, voters elected 30 secessionists to the convention, 70 moderates and 52 unionists.

When the convention met, unionists seemed to hold sway. But after federal troops surrendered Fort Sumter, the moderates at the convention, resisting Lincoln's call for "coercion" of secessionist states, began joining the ardent secessionists. On April 17, the ordinance of secession was approved 88 to 55. In the northwestern part of the state that broke off June 19, 1861, and later entered the Union as West Virginia, more than half of the delegates voted to stay in the Union. Of the rest of the state's delegates, only one out of three voted to remain in the Union. While the ordinance of secession did come before the voters for ratification May 23, that election was virtually meaningless, as Virginia was already, for all practical purposes, out of the Union.

North Carolina — Delegates elected by popular vote, February 28, 1861

After the election of Abraham Lincoln, Governor John W. Ellis called for a convention to consider secession and to form military defense. Voters selected delegates in a special election on February 28, 1861. Of the 86 counties in the state, 30 elected secession delegates, 35 elected unconditional Union delegates, 17 elected conditional Unionists (a total of 52 pro-union) and four chose divided delegations. There was Union support in the western mountains, but Unionism was strongest in the Piedmont. Secessionist sentiment found greatest support in the more southern and easterly counties that had large numbers of slaves. But voters defeated the very proposal of a convention 47,323 to 46,672. This was due in large part to the perception that the convention was intended to effect secession.

After the firing on Fort Sumter, Governor Ellis refused Lincoln's request for troops and called a special session of the legislature, which called for a convention. Delegates to the convention were elected May 13. Every delegate favored secession, even those elected from mountain counties. The convention unanimously adopted an ordinance of secession on May 20, 1861.

The delegate selection vote in the February 28 convention election is shown here because it gives a sense of the sectional differences in the state before the fever of secessionism took over the state. The firing on Fort Sumter and Lincoln's call for troops changed everything. At that point, most mountaineers identified strongly with the rest of the state and with the South.

Civil War Leaders

CONFEDERATE

JOSEPH REID ANDERSON

A Botetourt County, Va., native, Anderson joined the army in 1861. As brigadier general, he fought in the Virginia Peninsular Campaign and the Seven Days' battles. He left the army after being wounded in 1862. He was superintendent, and later owner, of the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond. He became the "Krupp of the Confederacy," supplying materiel up to the taking of Richmond, when the Federals confiscated the plant. The Iron Works was returned to him after the war.

LANDON CARTER HAYNES

A secessionist from pro-union Washington County, Tenn., Haynes served two terms in the Confederate Congress. He criticized the Davis government, opposed martial law and urged the treatment and release of Union prisoners. A lawyer, he defended many Tennessee citizens charged with treason. After the war he lived in Memphis.

JOHN B. HOOD

A general from Owingsville, Ky., Hood was wounded in the arm at Gettysburg and lost a leg at Chickamauga. He had to be lashed into the saddle to lead his men into battle. Unable to protect Atlanta from Sherman, he marched his army into Tennessee, where he lost to George Thomas at Nashville. This finished the Confederate armies. He died of yellow fever in New Orleans in 1879.

JOHN DANIEL IMBODEN

Imboden was born near Staunton, Va. As captain of the Confederate Staunton Artillery, he was at the initial capture of Harper's Ferry. He fought at Cross Keys and Port Republic under Stonewall Jackson. He became brigadier general in 1863. He severed the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad lines in northwestern Virginia and captured the union garrison at Charleston, (W) Va. Typhoid forced him to Aiken, S.C., where he was given charge of the prison. After the war, he entered the mining business in Washington County, Va. Imboden founded Damascus, Va., in 1895.

STONEWALL JACKSON

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Clarksburg, (W.)Va. He received the nickname "Stonewall" at First Manassas when Confederate General Barnard Bee said: "Look at Jackson's brigade; it stands like a stone wall!" Jackson defeated John C. Frèmont at Staunton and fought up and down the Shenandoah Valley. His rescue of Lee at Sharpsburg sealed his fame. He was wounded near Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, by his own men. On May 10, he died of pneumonia which developed after amputation of his left arm. General Lee wrote: "He has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm."

ALFRED E. JACKSON

A merchant from Jonesborough, Tenn., Jackson entered the war in 1861. As brigadier general, he took command in 1863 of Thomas's Legion in the Department of East Tennessee. He was relieved in 1864. He was called "Mudwall" Jackson by the regiment's North Carolina men, who wanted their own Colonel Love to command them. Jackson finished the war as a staff officer under General John C. Breckinridge. He died in 1889.

ALBERT GALLATIN JENKINS

A native of Cabell County, (W.) Va., Jenkins gave up his U.S. Congressional seat in 1861 to raise a cavalry company. In 1862 he led a 500-mile raid through western Virginia and into Ohio. At Gettsyburg, Jenkins' men, armed with only 10 rounds each, rammed head on into Custer's cavalry. Wounded and captured at Cloyd's Mountain, Va., he died May 21, 1864.

JOHN P. McCOWN

Born near Sevierville,Tenn., McCown distinguished himself in the Mexican War. In 1861, he resigned his captain's commission to join Confederate service. He led the Confederate Army of the West in 1862, but was relieved of his command when Baxton Bragg brought charges of disobedience against him after the Battle of Murfreesboro. After the war, he taught school in Tennessee and later moved to a farm in Magnolia, Ark. He died at a Masonic Lodge meeting in Little Rock in 1879.

JOHN S. MOSBY

Mosby practiced law in Bristol,Va., before the war. He enlisted as a private under General "Grumble" Jones. He guided Jeb Stuart on his first ride around McClellan's army; captured Gen. Edwin Stoughton in bed at Appomattox Court House; and got the better of George Custer when the two men traded in executing prisoners. He supported Grant for president and later became U.S. Consul to Hong Kong.

ALEXANDER PETER STEWART

Although an anti-secessionist, Stewart, a native of Rogersville, Tenn., volunteered for the Confederate army. Dubbed "Old Straight" by his men, he led a brigade at Shiloh. At Atlanta he replaced Leonidas Polk and then joined Hood in the last ditch drive into Tennessee. Under Johnston in the Carolinas, he commanded the Army of the Tennessee to the end. He eventually became commissoner of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park.

STAND WATIE

A Cherokee Indian, Watie was born near what is now Rome, Ga. He learned to speak English at a mission school and worked on a Cherokee newspaper, the *Phoenix*. He was a signer of the 1835 treaty which removed the remaining Georgia Cherokees to Oklahoma. Watie raised a Confederate company in 1861 and was appointed brigadier general of the Cherokee Mounted Rifles in 1864. He led the battles of Wilson's Creek and Elkhorn. Renowned for his courage and tenacity, Watie did not surrender until June 23, 1865, 10 weeks after Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

# of Appalachia

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW

"Parson" William Grannaway Brownlow, publisher of the *Elizabethton Whig* and later the *Knoxville Whig*, was a pro-Union and pro-slavery agitator in East Tennessee. Suspected of burning railroad bridges, he was escorted from Tennessee by the Confederates in 1862. He then published and sold 100,000 copies of *Sketches of the Rise, Progress and Decline of Secession: with a Narrative of Personal Adventures among the Rebels*. Once Knoxville was back in Union hands, Brownlow published the *Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator*. In favor of strict punishment for the Confederates, he became governor of Tennessee in 1865 and then was appointed to the Senate. He retired in 1875 and devoted the rest of his life to agitation journalism.

SAMUEL POWHATAN CARTER

An Elizabethton, Tenn., native, Carter achieved the ranks of major general in the army and rear admiral in the navy. As a navy lieutenant in 1861, he wrote a highly-publicized letter declaring his allegiance to the union. Andrew Johnson asked him to help campaign against secession in East Tennessee. He was detailed from the navy to the War Department and became a brigadier general in 1862. He fought at Cumberland Gap and was part of Ambrose Burnside's occupation of East Tennessee. Carter returned to the navy in 1866. He retired in 1881 and in 1882 was advanced to the rank of rear admiral on the retired list.

CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY

Clay was an abolitionist scion of a slaveholding family in Madison County, Ky. Although opposed to the annexation of Texas, he volunteered for the Mexican War in 1846. An influential Republican politico in Kentucky, he worked for Lincoln's election. Given a Union command by a grateful Lincoln, he chose not to go into battle because the government had not abolished slavery. Instead he became the Minister to Russia from1863 to 1869. He fell out of grace with President Grant, railed against authority, and hopped from one political party to another. At an advanced age, he was adjudged a lunatic by the courts after marrying a young girl and fortifying his home against attack.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER COOPER

Born in Cumberland Falls, Whitley County, Ky., Cooper was an anti-secession Whig delegate to the 1861 Union Convention in Knoxville. As a Union soldier, he fought from Middle Tennessee to Atlanta and back again, helping to stop Hood at Nashville. He ran unsuccessfully for U.S. Senator from Tennessee in 1868, but Grant appointed him collector of internal revenue in Knoxville.

ANDREW JOHNSON

Before the war, Andrew Johnson served as mayor and alderman of Greeneville, Tenn., state representative and senator, five-term U.S. Congressman and governor. In 1861, Johnson and Kentuckian L.W. Powell were the only two Senators from the Southern border states who did not defect to the Confederate government. In 1862, he became military governor of Tennessee and brigadier general of volunteers. Anti-slavery and anti-abolitionist, he became Lincoln's vice-president in 1864. Refusing to enforce laws passed by Congress, he was impeached in 1868 by the House. The Senate voted 35 to impeach, 19 to retain, one vote shy of removal from office. He granted amnesty to ex-Confederates and re-established state governments in the South. He fought the Radical Republicans over the severity of Reconstruction and lost. Despite his turbulent record he won another term in the Senate in 1874.

THOMAS A.R. NELSON

A Roane County, Tenn., native, Nelson was an associate of Landon Haynes and a friend of Parson Brownlow. He toured East Tennessee, urging voters to eschew secession. Re-elected to U.S. Congress in 1861, he tried to escape to Washington but was captured in Virginia and sent to Richmond. After meeting with Jefferson Davis, he was allowed to return to East Tennessee. Dismayed by Lincoln's call for troops without Congressional authorization, suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus and the Emancipation Proclamation, he wrote an address to the Unionists of Tennessee urging them to join the fight against Lincoln. A lawyer, he defended President Johnson in his impeachment trial. He died of cholera in 1873.

JOSEPH J. REYNOLDS

Reynolds, a Flemingsburg, Ky., native, graduated from West Point in 1843, a classmate of Ulysses S. Grant. He served in the occupation of Texas and in the Indian Territory. As brigadier general of U. S. Volunteers in 1861, he fought at Cheat Mountain under William Rosecrans. He became Chief of Staff, Army of the Cumberland, under George H. Thomas in 1863. After the war he transferred to the regular cavalry in the far West. In 1877 Reynolds failed to follow up on an attack on Crazy Horse's hideout near the Powder River. He left behind his dead and wounded, who were tortured. He was subsequently court martialed.

JOHN T. WILDER

John T. Wilder led the mounted Union infantry at Chickamauga and Atlanta. He resigned October 4, 1864. Though born in New York, Wilder later settled in Johnson City, Tenn., and organized the railroad that eventually became the Clinchfield Railroad, a major factor in the commercial growth of East Tennessee.

— Charles Moore and Laurene Scalf

Sources: *Generals in Blue* and *Generals in Gray* by Ezra J. Warner, 1964; *Who Was Who in the Civil War* by Stewart Sifakis, 1988; *Great Civil War Heroes and Their Battles* by Walton Rawls, 1985; *Historical Times Illustrated* , 1986; *The Civil War Dictionary* by Mark Boatner, 1959; The Jonesborough, Tenn., *Herald and Tribune* special supplements 1990 and 1991.

ELIHU EMBREE, RELUCTANT MASTER

Elihu Embree was born in 1782 in East Tennessee. A slaveholder, he became a Christian in 1812, and his conversion convinced him that slavery was evil. Due to Tennessee's strict laws governing emancipation, however, he could not free his own slave and her children at that time.

In 1819, he began printing the weekly newspaper, *Manumission Intelligencer*, in Jonesboro. In 1820 he replaced it with a monthly publication, *The Emancipator*. These were the first publications in the United States given solely to the subject of abolition. He made provision in his will in January of that year for the emancipation of his slave and her children and provided money for the children's education. He also bequeathed money to the Manumission Society of Tennessee "for the promotion of that glorious cause."

His career and his crusade were cut short when he died in December 1820. His brother Elijah, saddled by heavy debts accrued by their mercantile firm, chose not to continue printing *The Emancipator*. Thus, the publisher and the paper both died young.

Courtesy of Jonesborough History Museum

Elihu Embree

from The Emancipator, May 31, 1820.

But alas! cries one, what shall we do with the slaves if we were to emancipate them? I would cheerfully give up mine, if some general plan was devised, and some place laid off for them to be removed to; but it will never do for them to be amongst us in state of freedom. My friend, if thou art thus near being persuaded in earnest to be an emancipator, proceed one step further and all the difficulty will vanish, that is to do it just upon the same principles on which thou desirest to enjoy thy liberty, which is, to stay or go where thou pleasest. Arriving at this spot, there needs but little more ado about letting them go, than to let a son or an apprentice go free when they arrive at a proper age. This I know to be true from a degree of experience; and try it in practice dear friend, and I have no doubt but thou wilt find the great difficulty solved, as I did, and thyself made happy thereby.

But when we set negroes free we are too apt to look for more from them than we are willing to give. We want them to pull off their hats to us, and call us master, and to always be acknowledging the great favor which we have done them in liberating them; but if we would divest ourselves of our pride, and view it rightly, we would see that not very much praise is due us, as we have done nothing more than every man does who pays a just debt he owes without being compelled thereto, or than he does who gives up to the right owner the lost or stolen property which has by some means fell in to his possession.

John C. Inscoe & Gordon B. McKinney

Masters as Profiteers Slaves as Subversives

The North Carolina highlands were on the receiving end of the considerable population mobility within the wartorn Confederacy, particularly the massive movements toward the interior by slaveholders and their slaves from vulnerable coastal regions stretching from tidewater Virginia through lowcountry Georgia.

Even more common were efforts by slaveholders to send their human property out of the reach of Union liberators or Confederate impressment officials. State officials were convinced that occupying Federal forces in the eastern part of the state were actively encouraging slaves' escape, prompting Governor Zebulon B. Vance to issue a policy statement informing easterners that "it is the duty of all slaveowners immediately to remove their slaves able to bear arms."

Even before such moves became official policy, mountain opportunists had reached out to eastern owners with tempting leasing or purchase offers. Nicholas W. Woodfin was the most aggressive in making this pitch. Along with other Asheville businessmen, he had actively sought hired slave labor in constructing the long anticipated Western North Carolina Railroad long before war seemed a possibility. With no intention of letting its progress lag once the conflict was underway. Woodfin continued to run advertisements in newspapers across the state well into 1862. He also used a more personal approach in offering his services as broker to slaveholding friends who sought safer havens for their slave property during the war.

Calvin Cowles, the most energetic of Wilkes County's entrepreneurs, was fully aware of the financial opportunities made available by the new demand and was equally aggressive in seeking to bring new slave labor into the area, particularly through hiring contracts that allowed him to sublet those he had hired to his neighbors and relatives. He informed a Mississippi business contact of the high demand particularly for adult males, who were then commanding annual rates of $125 or $150.

Woodfin and Cowles were by no means alone in these pursuits. Some highland residents saw the care and supervision of others' slaves as a service as well as a financial opportunity. But for most it was strictly business and it was through earlier business connections that such arrangements were made, as western Carolina merchants found their many contacts established throughout the antebellum period with South Carolina and Georgia markets to be effective conduits for moving slaves into the Carolina highlands for both short and long-term usage, thus creating a vigorous regional market in which residents bought, sold and traded slaves until the final three or four months of the war.

The effect of such activity was a considerable expansion of the mountain slave population. A Haywood County resident noted in May 1863 that the number of slaves in that county "has increased very rapidly since the war commenced." At least one Asheville resident was alarmed enough about the number of slaves being brought into Buncombe County from the coast that he informed fellow Buncombe native, Governor Vance, in March 1863, that citizens there wanted more protection "from Negro Ravages."

Yet despite the influx of new blacks into the region, the demand for their utilization and therefore the hiring rates they commanded rose dramatically. A Rutherford County owner hired six slaves in 1863 for an annual fee of $618, almost twice as much as he had asked for their services two years earlier. Such figures say as much or more about the dramatic depreciation of Confederate currency as it does about the increased value of slaves. But the perception was as important as the reality, and mountain residents interpreted these figures to mean slaves were an increasingly profitable investment, which in itself had much to do with the vitality of the slave market in the region.

Even the development that turned the war specifically into a struggle over slave liberation, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, caused less of a stir among highlanders than those elsewhere in the state or the South, and there was little evidence that its implications had any negative effects on the marketability of slaves or on the commitment of mountaineers to the cause for which they were fighting. For many southerners, Lincoln's revolutionary edict signaled new challenges in maintaining white solidarity across class lines in support of the Confederate cause. They feared that, just as Lincoln intended it, his proclamation would drive a wedge between the slaveholding elite and those nonslaveholders willing to fight for states' rights or their new southern nation, but not willing to risk lives to protect the property of their social superiors.

Slaves themselves were quick to sense the loosening of control over their behavior and attitudes, and many engaged in subversive activity to which their owners were oblivious.

While there is some evidence of such sentiments among non-slaveholding mountain residents, the Emancipation

Proclamation seems to have exacerbated less class divisiveness in that region than elsewhere. There was, on the contrary, the belief among many in the mountains that Lincoln's action could have the opposite effect — that of uniting whites as never before behind the Confederate cause.

Yet slaves themselves were quick to sense the loosening of control over their behavior and attitudes, and many engaged in subversive activity to which their owners were oblivious. The majority of the many memoirs and narratives by escaped prisoners of war, deserters, bushwhackers, and other fugitives who moved through the Carolina highlands for refuge or en route to East Tennessee relate countless incidents in which black residents aided their efforts. Slaves often guided fugitives through the rugged and often treacherous mountains as they headed for Knoxville. Many opened their homes to these men, sometimes hiding them for days at a time and feeding them generously throughout the duration.

On the other hand, self-interest was often a motivating factor in the collaboration of mountain slaves with fugitives they encountered. Slaves sometimes took advantage of the opportunities such contacts offered to make their own escapes.

The disruptions and discipline problems slave owners faced remained, from their own perspectives, mere inconveniences, and few saw in such developments anything ominous about the future of the institution. The relative stability of the system, the increased demand for and market value of slave property, and its ever more crucial role in meeting the region's labor demands and agricultural productivity all combined to create a false sense of optimism and complacency on the part of mountain masters. Thus when slavery's collapse finally came, accompanied by the equally unexpected southern defeat, the blow was probably more traumatic and more devastating for highland owners than it was for slaveholders elsewhere in the Confederacy.

This work is excerpted from a forthcoming book, ***Highland Homefronts: The Civil War in Western North Carolina.***

Unsung Pioneers

The year is always 1791 at Rocky Mount, the log house near Johnson City, Tenn., which served as the capital of the Southwest Territory from 1790 to 1792. The staff dresses in 1791 costumes, and they talk about life as if they were living more than 200 years ago. But it's easier to reproduce the costumes and describe the house and garden work than it is to find out about the lives of the African-American population in that place and time, says the director of Rocky Mount Museum, Norman Burns.

William Blount, the first governor of the Southwest Territory, who resided at Rocky Mount, reported census figures in 1791 that showed that African Americans lived in East Tennessee. In Washington, Sullivan, Greene and Hawkins Counties there were 22,710 white people, 227 "other free persons" (including free blacks and indentured servants) and 2,093 slaves, more than 8 percent of the population. (Native Americans were not counted in this census.) "South of the French Broad" (in Western North Carolina) there were 3,390 white people, 66 "all other free persons" and 163 slaves — 4 1/2 percent of the population. In Middle Tennessee including Davidson County (where Nashville is), slaves comprised 16 percent of the population. (These figures come from *Slavery on the Tennessee Frontier* by Edward Michael McCormack.)

"Before the first permanent settlers built cabins within the boundaries of current day Tennessee in 1769, African Americans had explored, fought and died here, making their mark as pioneers of the early frontier. They have played important roles in virtually every significant aspect of Tennessee's history," declares the booklet from the 1992 Rocky Mount conference on the African-American experience in 18th-century Appalachia.

The booklet goes on to explain how the roles of blacks were far different from those of their counterparts on large plantations of the lowland: "Farms were isolated, leading to an interdependency of each person living on that farm. That meant that both slave and master shared many common experiences. Together they worked hard to clear the land, build homes, barns and churches, experiment and raise crops, all while they kept a watchful eye for hostile Indians. While whites may have assigned the duties and roles to be performed on the farm, in reality the interdependency which frontier conditions created often blurred the distinction between master and slave."

Scholars at the conference, held for the past two years at Rocky Mount, support the conclusion that African Americans contributed to the economy and to the political and social environment in the early settlement of the Southern mountains, but Burns would like more definite information.

"We want to do primary research, to look at deeds; we're looking for names, dates, sellers, buyers, to track where people were." He hopes Rocky Mount will be able to "do an accurate representation of the African American presence here."

With so little information currently available, the conferences are held more to inspire people to work on the research than to inform, Burns admits. "It's just the beginning. It's will take several years and community involvement."

For more information contact Rocky Mount at 200 Hyder Hill Road, Piney Flats, TN 37686, 615-538-7396.

— Pat Arnow

Phoebe Pollitt

LEARNING FREELY

Black Education in North Carolina After the Civil War

In the antebellum era, free black children in North Carolina could attend school, but few schools existed to serve this group. All enslaved people were legally banned from any form of schooling on the pain of fines, imprisonment and the whipping post.

In September 1864, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton authorized the Superintendent of Freedmen to secure teachers and property for schools for freed people in the South. Northern benevolent groups, which included many free African Americans from the North and the South, as well as the newly freed people themselves, donated thousands of dollars as well as books, clothing, tools and school supplies to these new schools in the Union-held areas. The Federal Government coordinated these efforts and offered protection to teachers and students from violent local attacks.

"The white people protested at my doing this: 'Miss Prudden, you can make nothing out of these lying, good-for-nothing Negroes' . . ."

The Freedmen's Bureau worked almost exclusively in the coastal and Piedmont regions, where more people had been enslaved. Highland blacks, no longer legally barred from education, were still barred by lack of schools to attend.

In order to reenter the Union after the war, the former Confederate states had to provide for free public education for both races in their constitutions. The new school systems were, at best, unevenly administered and financed. In North Carolina in the 1870s, there were over a thousand school districts in which no schools were being held. Rural, Appalachian and African-American communities received little if any financial support from state governments for teachers, school buildings, equipment or transportation until after the turn of the century.

The educational void in Appalachia was partially filled by church home mission societies. A common image of Appalachian mission schools of the late 1800s is of pious white upper class Yankee schoolmarms working to uplift poor, illiterate and isolated white mountain children. The African American mission schools founded by Emily Prudden were a radical departure from this stereotypic vision.

Emily Caroline Prudden was born in 1832 in Orange, Conn. She had a typical New England childhood, growing up on a farm and attending public school through high school. She never married but raised her orphaned niece and nephew from infancy through adulthood. At age 50, Prudden found herself alone, practically deaf, crippled by arthritis and at loose ends. Fate stepped in, in the form of her old school friend, Mrs. Samuel Loomis.

The Reverend and Mrs. Samuel Loomis had moved to South Carolina during Reconstruction to oversee Brainard Institute, a school supported by the New School Presbyterian Church to educate newly freed slaves near Chester, S. C. The school grew dramatically and new staff was constantly needed to manage the expanding student population. Mrs. Loomis asked Prudden to come to Brainard to be housemother to the girls boarding at the school.

After two years at Brainard, Prudden used her own slim inheritance to open a school for white girls about 30 miles from Brainard in Gaston County, N. C. This school eventually became Linwood College. During Prudden's second year at Linwood she took a summer vacation to Blowing Rock, N.C., in the Blue Ridge Mountains. There were no schools in Blowing Rock. The plight of the local children moved Prudden to open her second school for white girls there.

Prudden thought about the African-American children in Gaston County. There were no public schools for them, and the few private and mission schools in the area only served white children. Despite threats of violence against the school and its occupants, Prudden established Lincoln Academy in 1886. She recalled the school's early days: "The white people protested at my doing this: 'Miss Prudden, you can make nothing out of these lying, good-for-nothing Negroes' . . . I trembled for the safety of the new Home and I gave it to the Lord with absolute trust that He would guard and Bless it. . . ." Lincoln Academy soon had an enrollment of 300 day and boarding pupils. Many students boarded at Lincoln Academy because their families lived too far away for daily travel, and their own counties refused to offer primary or secondary education for blacks.

Prudden would follow a pattern for the next 20 years: she would establish a school, get it on firm footing and find a Protestant church home mission society to take it over as its own. Prudden was a Congregationalist but turned her schools over to a variety of Protestant faiths, including Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Christian and Missionary Alliance, Baptists and Mennonites. Students were expected to participate in daily prayers, weekly church services and frequent hymn singing and devotionals. The Bible was studied daily at most schools. Membership and even careers in the church were strongly encouraged.

In the late 1880s, the American Reformed Presbyterians took over Linwood College and the American

Missionary Association, the home mission branch of the Congregational Church, assumed responsibility for Skyland Institute and Lincoln Academy.

All students in Prudden's schools, black or white, received similar curricula, housing, work and religious requirements and qualified staff. This was unusual at a time when southern states were passing Jim Crow laws and the Supreme Court in *Plessy vs. Ferguson* endorsed racial inequality in public education.

"I trembled for the safety of the new Home. . . ."

Most public schools in North Carolina in the decades after the Civil War had terms of 10 to 12 weeks. Subject matter was often confined to the three Rs and geography. Prudden's schools ran for eight months a year and students were exposed to arts, foreign languages and sciences. In addition to academics, all students were required to learn vocational skills. The girls learned sewing, cooking, housekeeping and nursing while the boys learned farming, animal husbandry and carpentry. Most of Prudden's schools had farms which provided meat and vegetables to eat. The boys built most of the school buildings and dormitories, and the girls prepared the food, cleaned the school and performed other housekeeping tasks. The vocational training prepared the children to join the skilled labor force after graduation while keeping the costs of running the schools low. Tuition was about four dollars a month.

Whenever possible, Prudden and the various denominations hired local graduates to teach in the schools. The faculties and administratiors at Douglas, Clarkson and Mt. Herman were all African American, while Lincoln, Lovejoy and Salem had integrated staff.

In 1892, Prudden bought four acres of land in the mountains overlooking Elk Park, N.C., and opened her second school for black children. The Krimmer Mennonites, who wanted to expand their mission in Appalachia, took charge of the school and added an orphanage. They ran Salem School and Orphanage for 12 years, until constant skirmishes with hostile white neighbors forced them to close.

Over the next several years, Prudden established more schools for both black and white children in the Piedmont areas of North Carolina.

Mount Herman Academy in Brevard was the last school Prudden founded. In 1909, Mrs. Wilke Carpenter Johnstone, a former student at Lincoln Academy and teacher and principal at Lovejoy Academy, had moved with her husband to Brevard. There were no public or private schools for her two young children to attend. Johnstone asked Prudden, then age 77, to help start a school for the African-American children around Transylvania County. The school was constructed in the middle of Brevard's black neighborhood. Unlike the previous schools, there was no farm, no dairy and no boarding department. Some local families did rent out rooms to students who lived too far way for a daily commute. Academic education took on a greater role, vocational education a lesser one. This was the only school without denominational backing. Instead, the parents purchased their own textbooks and the community sought grants from philanthropic organizations. The Rosenwald Fund donated generously to expand and upgrade the facilities over the years. Transylvania County would not finance public education for blacks until the 1940s.

Taken together, Prudden's schools for African Americans educated fewer than 1,000 African-American children a year from the 1880s through the mid-20th century. Yet despite the lack of financial and social support from state and local governments and harassment by hostile white neighbors, these small, religious, largely self-supporting schools endured and prospered. Generations of black southerners and Appalachians received a modicum of literacy, education and vocational training obtainable only through these mission schools.

Phoebe Pollitt lives and writes in Boone, N.C.

Battlefield
(a century and a quarter later)

Rain filled mist rises from the green hills
where once artillery guns blazed;
their explosions in the valley fills
the heart with terror yet.

On overgrown trenches the sun will soon set
as it did then, where young men lay dying
for causes they cherished,
for their sweethearts crying,
or just defending home.
Across the once powder-charged bottom (so large)
we wander, imagining this charge
or that attack, almost seeing the stricken fall.

At the heart of the heat of the battle we roam,
To arrive at concrete and "The Battleground Mall."

— Michael J. Pauley

Michael J. Pauley served four terms as president of West Virginia Writers and worked at the West Virginia Department of Culture and History. He died in August 1992 at the age of 42. This poem is printed with permission from his estate. Thanks to Kirk Judd for making Pauley's work available to ***Now and Then****.*

Southern Women in Mid-Passage

Between Slavery and Suffrage

Margaret Ripley Wolfe

Throughout the 19th century, as armies marched, politicians compromised, and diplomats negotiated, men dominated public life. Women occupied a private sphere, "a world bounded by home, church and the institution of visiting," that historian Carroll Smith-Rosenberg labels "the female world of love and ritual." Still, the 1800s marked a transitionary interlude for American women—and for Southern women—an era when the ideal of "true womanhood" gave way to the "new American woman." They also witnessed the eradication of slavery and the development of the women's rights movement. The Civil War shook the foundations of patriarchy in the South, which was as prevalent in the highlands as in the delta, giving rise to possibilities that had not previously existed for women. Military defeat, in fact, may have undermined masculine self-confidence, but it did not eliminate male control of public life.

The Southern woman of myth and legend was born almost four centuries ago when the English planted the first permanent colonies in North America, and she survives as the 20th century nears its end. Her story is one of hardships, endurance, fortitude, triumphs, but above all, survival—a testament to the extraordinary lives of ordinary people. In mythology, Southern women appear vapid or frivolous; in reality, they epitomize strength. That strength and their labor have provided the superstructure for the family and, in turn, the region. By definition, Southern women are females indigenous to states where the practice of slavery persisted until the Civil War or nonindigenous females who have spent significant portions of their lives in the South, often making lasting contributions to the region.

The image of the "Southern lady," which has attached itself so readily to all white women below the Mason-Dixon line, has permeated Appalachia, too; for it was not and is not necessarily restricted to the gentry or to the Deep South. Chivalry and misogyny have coexisted throughout Dixie, and whether victims or beneficiaries, Southern women — as well as their sisters elsewhere in the United States — have been and remain second-class citizens. Nonetheless, Southern women have shared in such feminist gains at the national level as suffrage, affirmative action and reproductive freedom. Still, the quintessential symbol of the Southern lady remains firmly fixed in the Southern mind and American popular culture, an intricate component of what Edward D.C. Campbell Jr. and Jack Temple Kirby identify respectively as "the celluloid South" and "media-made Dixie." With the 20th century nearing its end, the image of the "Southern lady" and all that it means still impedes the development of Southern women.

Biblical analogies have come naturally to Dixie, and just as the scriptures divide into two parts, so, too, does the history of the South. Whether Old or New, the patriarchy has been as omnipresent in Southern culture as in the sacred writings of the Jews and Christians. The world that transplanted Englishmen fashioned included racism as reflected in the subjugation of the Native Americans and the enslavement of Africans; a carefully defined but not inflexible class system; and the subordination of females. Patriarchy came to rest on the triad of racism, classism and sexism, first conceived and implemented in the Chesapeake and subsequently dispersed throughout the South, in turn shaping the historical experience of Southern women. Shored up by English common law and statutory codes, this pattern, once established, prevailed in the Southern states until the late 19th and early 20th centuries. For white women, this meant relegation to a circumscribed, subservient position; for Native Americans, a diminished standing and lesser role within their own societies as they took on more of the trappings of the transplanted Western European culture; and for most black females, perpetual servitude. The patriarchy brought a double weight to bear on Native-American and African-American women, affected as they were by both race and gender.

The realities of feminine existence in the 19th century South contradicted assumptions about the indolence of Southern white women. Indeed, adult females of all classes worked very hard. As historian Eugene D. Genovese wrote in *Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made*, "The [plantation] mistresses, however much they conformed to the image of the 'southern lady' in important respects, worked too hard under too many limitations to live up to their reputation as ethereal beings who wallowed in leisure." Furthermore, biology determined the Southern woman's destiny. It was assumed that a female would marry and that once married would experience many pregnancies. In *Motherhood in the Old South*, historian Sally McMillen notes: "The typical southern woman bore and reared several children, suffered poor health, exhaustion and a variety of physical ailments, grieved over the death of at least one child, and was pregnant or nursing a newborn in every year until her midforties." Finally, statutory and common law operated to her disadvantage. As a woman who possessed an estate worth $100,000 intoned, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," she did indeed, for when she entered into a marriage, even with a penniless man, he held complete title to her estate. When she left the altar, she no longer owned even the clothes on her back. She could not make a will, and if the husband died immediately after the ceremony, $50,000 of the wife's money went to *his* nearest relative unless he had taken legal action to protect the economic interests of his spouse.

The Southern woman of the 1800s found herself caught between slavery and suffrage. Technically free, she was still relegated to a narrow, private sphere of influence within a paternalistic order that

placed white men on the top rung in the chain of being. When enfranchisement, the right to vote, finally came nationally in 1920, it signalled the possibility of direct political participation and dramatically symbolized the opening of the public sphere to women including those of Dixie. Still, in the entire South, only Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas had ratified the Woman Suffrage Amendment to the United States Constitution. The 19th-century Southern woman then served as a transitionary figure in the development of Southern women — the legatee of European folkways that had adapted themselves to the American environment during the 17th and 18th centuries and the benefactress of 20th century contemporary Southern women. Her lowly status, against which a small minority of Southern women began to rail in the late 19th century, impelled the development of Southern feminism, but the prevailing wisdom counseled women not to demand their rights but to remember their duties. Activists looked to a better future; traditionalists found comfort in the past.

Between 1820 and 1860, the South had armed itself with states-rights political philosophy and developed a fortress mentality to withstand external onslaughts against the "peculiar institution" of slavery. Although patriarchy has been heavily identified with the aristocracy, the planter elite, it permeated the social structure, affording white men of all classes a sense of superiority. The "patriarchs" excoriated Northern women's rights advocates as examples of everything a "Southern lady" was not and that no self-respecting female should be. Kinship networks and the evangelical church reinforced male dominance and gave rise to "the enclosed garden," a phrase employed by historian Jean E. Friedman to describe the insular existence of Southern women.

In this context, indoctrination in commonly held social views and expectations substituted for genuine educational opportunities. Because the South remained so overwhelmingly rural, women spent much of their lives in relative isolation. Protest movements and demands for reform have generally developed among like-minded, independent thinkers in urban settings or at least in an environment that possesses a communications network cooptable to new ideas. The antebellum South offered few if any such settings for women who might have wanted alternative lifestyles. That is why the Grimke sisters of South Carolina — abolitionists, advocates of women's rights and heretics among their own kind — headed north.

The Civil War and Reconstruction Era bridged the Old and the New and represented an important watershed not only in national and regional history but also in the experience of Southern women. According to standard accounts, Southern women enthusiastically supported the "Lost Cause." They encouraged men to volunteer and scorned those who did not. They kept the home fires burning or watched their homes burn. They nursed the sick and wounded and buried the dead. They managed the farms and plantations or spied — that most glamorous and romantic of feminine wartime roles. In the years following Appomattox, they erected Confederate memorials on the grounds of virtually every courthouse in Dixie and decorated and cared for the graves of the fallen. Historian Drew Gilpin Faust challenged conventional wisdom in a 1990 publication, arguing that "by early 1865, countless women of all classes had in effect deserted the ranks." They "gradually refused to accept this war story [of purposeful sacrifice] as relevant to their own lives," thereby undermining "both the narrative presented to them and the Confederate cause itself."

Certainly, the Civil War displaced people and disrupted traditional roles and, temporarily at least, fractured the male dominance of daily life. Internal schisms seem to have plagued Appalachia more than other parts of the South during these troubled years. Although the highlands remained relatively unscathed by major fighting, they witnessed deep local divisions and harsh conflicts between Union and Confederate sympathizers. Daniel Ellis, the famous guide from East Tennessee who repeatedly led Union sympathizers into Kentucky to link up with Northern forces, came upon five skeletons hanging from a tree during one such trip. He asked a woman he encountered on the road whether the hangings were justified, to which she responded: "I have a husband and two brothers in the Southern army, and every man who is unwilling to fight for the Southern Confederacy, who may be caught in the act of running off to Kentucky, ought to be hung or shot." Not wishing to debate the issue, Ellis hurried on his way. (A review of a new printing of Ellis's memoirs is on page 47.) Other Appalachian women helped their men avoid the draft and the deserters elude apprehension. A female in Floyd County, Va., for example, blew a horn to signal danger. Most of them probably behaved more conventionally, sewing for the troops and corresponding with their loved ones.

Although patriarchy has been heavily identified with the aristocracy, the planter elite, it permeated the entire social structure, affording white men of all classes a sense of superiority.

In his study of Cades Cove, Tenn., historian Durwood Dunn has described the harassment of the mostly pro-Union population. Set upon by "bushwhackers" from North Carolina, some no more than outlaws who used the Confederate cause for their own purposes, the community rallied to defend itself. One of the locals, Russell Gregory, organized the old men into a home guard and enlisted the women and children as sentries. Similar wartime animosities, fairly common throughout Appalachia, have been blamed for postwar feuding in some Eastern Kentucky counties.

Because of the importance of the East Tennessee-Southwest Virginia corridor as a transportation and communication link between the Upper and Lower South, the war came to the region. The genuine deprivation of a people torn by their own factionalism and set upon by foraging parties from both armies contributed to the national image of Appalachians as needy and the Southern mountains as a legitimate missionary field. The fractiousness of these years disrupted

agricultural production, virtually halted construction of housing and other buildings, undermined the traditional connections between the small market towns and their isolated hinterlands and gave rise to rampant inflation. Starvation stalked Cades Cove, for example, as persistently as the guerrillas. In the Virginia counties of Washington, Giles and Carroll, local justices of the peace organized volunteer militia, prepared for the expected invasion and attempted to provide for destitute families. A woman wrote to her husband that soldiers had taken all the chickens from their Tazewell County, Va., farm along with 20 to 25 bushels of corn. When such hardships were visited upon them, the civilian population of Appalachia experienced the consequences of war firsthand.

Leaving physical devastation and thousands of deaths in its wake, the Civil War meant an immediate end to slavery; but it did not eradicate the political, economic and social inequities confronting both blacks and women. "Functionally, the patriarchy was dead," argues historian Anne Firor Scott a bit too optimistically, "though many ideas associated with it lived on for years." Military defeat, however, had not vanquished masculine notions of Southern honor and male superiority. Indeed, they may have been sanctified by the spilled blood of thousands of rebel soldiers. As for the wartime experience of Appalachian women, a few performed heroic feats; but the great majority did nothing more remarkable than survive.

Margaret Ripley Wolfe, Ph.D., is professor of history at East Tennessee State University. She is the author of ***Kingsport, Tennessee: A Planned American City*** *(University Press of Kentucky, 1987) and is currently writing* ***Daughters of Canaan: An Interpretive History of Southern Women****.*

The Johnson City (Tennessee) Regional Planning Commission discussed a proposed zoning exception in residential areas to allow restaurants, museums or galleries in historic homes. "Planning Commissioner Lee Davis suggested it (homes that receive exceptions) be (built) prior to the Civil War. Planning commissioners then debated the best name to give the war, with City Commissioner Jeff Anderson suggesting 'Northern Aggression.'"
— *Johnson City Press*, June, 1992

The Great Battle

March 22, 1884

After years horrific with bloody slaughter,
set to beating drums and screaming shells,
they wintered in Dalton's Gray lull,
shattered by disaster and withdrawal
from Tennessee's Missionary Ridge.
With languished minds,
troops judged contests lost
in spite of ardor spent and moribund.
Want and defeat they found in flawed command,
that treated corps to better fare,
sham battles, parades.
Tedium and crawling lice
assailed their dismal waiting months,
before budding spring should bring Blue lines
and further conflicts to tear land and bone.
Tensions grew from energy amassed, that not even
camp revivals or prostitutes could appease.

Old warriors recalled the day Georgia snow erased sins
of war and turned seasoned generals and privates
into pugnacious boys who screeched their chilling cries,
while, regimented, they charged their own Rebel files.
Counterstroke marched flapping battle flags,
and bands' martial notes strove against
five-thousand snowballs arched against the brumal sky.
Casualties: noses bloodied in raw play, bruises,
and teeth lost to missiles more than snow.
But passions conquered tents and meager prize,
before potent cheering ceased,
and enemy again became brother in like cause
against the Blue offensive that would maneuver them
beyond Atlanta, to Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville.
Bugles paused their edicts through cannon roar
and clouds of dust in retreat,
all the way to Greensboro and final cession.
Gray fervor was not enough.
For those who survived,
Going home would be their only bounty.

— Patricia Shirley

Patricia Shirley is author of the ***Mary Pearl Kline*** *poetry series and has also published* ***Dear Flora Mae and Other Stories.*** *Her nonfiction has appeared in* ***Appalachian Heritage*** *and* ***An Encyclopedia of East Tennessee.***

Laurene Scalf

George Ella's Story

Stage left stands a woman dressed in period costume. Stage right, a woman in contemporary clothes sits at a writing desk. The woman on the left is Esther Bruton. She tells how she traveled by horseback, pregnant and scared, to Cumberland Gap to tend her dying soldier husband. The woman on the right is George Ella Lyon, poet, playwright, novelist and the great-great-granddaughter of Esther. As the play unfolds, she tells of her own creative journey to find Esther's story.

Lyon talks about that journey in a recent interview.

*Why did you choose this title, **Looking Back for Words**?*

Because I was trying to find *her* words, not to find words *for* her. When I started, it was just going to be Esther's story. Then my own life kept getting pulled into it; the search became part of the play, so it became my own words I was looking for, too. That was part of the mystery.

How did you find this story?

When I was small, we would go in the summers to visit Cudjo Cave at Cumberland Gap. When you go on the tour there you come into this big cave room, and they say "This was a hospital during the Civil War." If you cross the road and go to the Cumberland Gap Historical Park, they'll tell you that's not true. The historian there told me, "Everybody around here tells that story, but there's no evidence." Well, to me, *that's* evidence. But he wanted documentation.

Anyway, as we'd take that tour with different relatives on different summers, somebody would always bring up the fact that one of our ancestors died in there. When I first heard it, I didn't make the connection with the hospital. Even after I made the connection, I didn't know what their names were or what side they were on. It was only after I was grown and married and home for some occasion — a funeral probably — somebody said that when the soldier's wife came to get him, she was pregnant. So I asked who the baby was, and they said it was Papa Dave's mama. Papa Dave is my mother's father. The one thing I knew about her was her name, Lucinda Bruton. That was significant, because my mother remembered Lucinda telling her, "Remember that I am Lucinda *Bruton*." Because she wasn't brought up with that name. She was brought up with the name of the man her mother married after the war. But it was important to her that she was a Bruton, though she never saw her [biological] father.

How I got the rest of the story I don't know. It seems really powerful to me that once I set out to try to hear her voice and write it down, that whole story just unrolled. I wrote it all at one sitting. Her voice was not what I would have imagined. I'm not trying to be facetious, I guess I did *imagine* it. But if I had consciously thought of what her voice would sound like. . . . It's more formal than I thought it would be. But I suspect this is a story she told over and over, if only to herself, and that formality is in part her distance from it, which breaks down only at the end.

The end breaks my heart.

Mine, too. In the first version, she was telling the story to Lucinda. But as the project turned into the play and also had the character of me, the writer, that didn't work anymore.

Did you have any documents? Any letters or diaries?

Not then. I had nothing. When I wrote it, I wasn't concerned about whether the story was factual or whether I could find any documentation. It was only after I got into working on the play (with the help of a grant from the Kentucky Women's Foundation) and began to feel so close to her — and after I began reading about the war and realized it wasn't really that long ago, that I might really find records — did I begin to dig in the visible world. My friend Marie Mitchell was in Washington doing an internship with National Public Radio, and I asked her to go over to the National Archives for me. I had picked Adington's name out of a list of all the Civil War soldiers — Confederate and Union — who were Brutons from Tennessee. I didn't know if he was really the one. Marie called me up and said she had Adington's death certificate. I asked her to read it, and it said, "Died at Cumberland Gap." I can still remember seeing the back yard sort of shimmer. I said, "I need to know if he had a wife and if she had a pension application." So poor Marie went back again and found that. Among the papers she sent with the document was one that said, "War of the Rebellion Original Pension of Minor Children." And there was Lucinda's name. He died in October, and she was born in January. She was born the day the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect. There were two other children, too. A boy and a girl. I didn't know that when I first wrote about Bernetta and James.

How old is Esther in this story?

She was 23. She only lived to be 43.

At the end of the play she comes home and sees Ad's farming hat, "not Union nor rebel," and we're suddenly aware that we don't know whether Ad is blue or gray, which is a good artistic choice on your part. But on what side did he actually fight?

Oh, he fought for the Union.

Why is this a play rather than a short story or a long poem or a novel?

I guess because my husband, Steve [Lyon, a musician], and I wanted to collaborate on it. If it was going to have music, it would need to be performed. Initially, we were going to do a song cycle and our friend Barbara Hall would sing it. But as the story kept evolving, the piece evolved toward a play.

George Ella Lyon

Looking Back for Words

Esther's Story

(Unless otherwise indicated, all parts spoken and sung by Esther.)

I got word along about supper that my husband was sick, lying at a hospital in the cave at Cumberland Gap. The man who brought the message himself had lost an arm. I asked how bad Ad was.

Soldier: He's a strong one, Mrs. Bruton. But this fever can be worse than a wound.

I gave him biscuit, a piece of what meat we had, and filled his canteen with water.

"Tell him I'll start tomorrow."

Soldier: "But ma'am . . ."

I could see him looking at my big belly. "There's time."

So he rode away.

At daybreak I took the children to Granny Young's. James howled like a hound pup and I scolded, "What would your brave papa think?" He swallowed the sobs that rolled through him. Bernetta just found a yarn ball and began playing with Granny's cat.

So I left them, the cow and a sack of meal, mounted Trevor Blue and rode off toward the Gap. It was August, the sunrise no beauty. Bad time for a fever. At least he's not wounded, I told myself. At least the weather's dry.

I looked back once, just before I crossed Wolf Creek. The cabin was shrunk by distance, blurred by haze. Only three years since we'd bought the place, with all Adington's savings and half the profit from my father's crop.

(Deed is read by George Ella, with italic portions read by Esther:)

To have and to hold
for the consideration of $500
land lying and being
in the county of Scott and the county of Morgan
in the state of Tennessee

I remembered walking the boundary with him. It had been evening, still light, but the harvest moon was rising. Ad carried Bernetta. James wasn't born yet.

from a post oak on the ridge-corner
of Thomas Stonecipher's survey
to a stake in the road leading up Wolf Creek
from Duncan's Mill to a corner
of Stonecipher's and Sandusky's land
down to Potter's line

To have and to hold
Crossing Wolf Creek twice
for the consideration of $500
on to a black oak
and thence to a pine
at the corner of Redman's tract
land lying and being
in the county of Scott
continuing to the northwest corner —
Redman's white oak —
and the county of Morgan
then following Stonecipher's line
to a post oak
and the corner where it began
in the state of Tennessee
To have and to hold
from this 30th day of September, 1859
to the same, to the said Bruton,
his heirs and assigns
forever.

It took me six days to do what I could have done in four if I hadn't been hiding. Riding in creekbeds, riding in fields, ironweed high as my head. I was hiding from Rebel and Union, too. I didn't want to be detained.

I started up Cumberland Mountain just before noon on the last day. Trevor Blue was weary and the baby rode my bones like a stone.

We climbed, we turned, we lost our footing, our path. We listened. Finally we turned back till we met the hoof-beaten road. "No more hiding," I said to Trevor Blue. "We're both too big."

There was a sickening smell as I reached the top, whether hospital or high meat or just man-camp I couldn't tell. When I saw a half-starved boy coming toward me, I thought, "My Lord, they'll take the food I've brought for Ad! They'll take Trevor Blue!"

They didn't, though. The boy, Captain Millsaps, took me to a General Carter. He asked my business and led me straight to the cave.

Up to that point I had not felt fear. Necessity moved me. Urgency, duty. But I looked at the mouth of that cave and felt

my own mouth open, felt the mountain drop off at my back.

I must have shown this, for the General put his hand on my arm.

General: "Ma'am?"

"I am Esther Bruton."

General: "Are you all right?"

"My husband is in that cave."

We went forward.

I found my husband halfway back on the left, lying, luckier than most, on a cot. It was his boots I recognized, the heels he'd cobbled. Then I saw his hand, white as flour. "Ad," I said, squeezing between cots, "I've come to take you home."

For the first week I believed I would do that, though his fever raged and he could neither eat nor speak. I clung to the fact that he knew I was there, that he moaned whenever I left. The doctor sent me out when he came to tend the others' wounds.

Doctor: "Mrs. Bruton, a woman in your condition should not see such things."

I was not afraid, not for the baby or me. I cannot explain what I was, the only woman among broken and starving men. I stood for Adington, walked for him, soothed and carried. I cooked when they would let me, spooned broth to his gray lips. If ever he seemed to stir, I told him of home. I walked the fencerows with him, touched every tool in the barn, brought the cow in. I helped him get his brogans off and come in the back door, wash at the pump on the porch, step into yellow light and supper on the table. I showed him Bernetta's sampler, rested his hand on James' hair. And I heaped his plate — chicken and dumplings, okra — poured the sweet milk, passed the basket of bread. I couldn't decide if He'd rather have biscuit or cornbread: the rolling hills, the rough stubbly fields.

And I sang to him. I had to search for something not mournful. I'd start out with a melody, then turn back, remembering, "Someone dies next verse, there's a war, a ghost." I had to sing low to keep off the echo of the cave.

Two weeks I was there and we never had fighting at the Gap. Soldiers would go off to forage — not all of them came back — but neither Rebel troops nor news of their whereabouts came.

The thirteenth day of my stay, a Sunday, Adington's fever went still higher. He had not opened his eyes for almost a week. I knew what was coming. He struggled for breath.

General: "We can bury him here, Mrs. Bruton. I have a Bible."

"No. I came to get him. I must take him home."

General: "We cannot spare a wagon."

"If two men get him down the mountain, I'll carry him laid across the horse."

General: Mrs. Bruton, you can't ride hidden and carry a corpse."

"I have no intention of hiding. I will take the main road and be home in three days."

General: "I don't mean disrespect, ma'am . . ."

"Then help me do as I see fit. No soldier, gray or blue, will dare touch a woman with such burdens."

As it happened, none even came near.

But as I traveled, so much heavier than when I came, the only way I could keep going was to remember my journey there, how I named each place, each landmark that brought me closer to Ad. I must do this going back, I thought. I must pull us there by what I know.

Trevor Blue carried me and the baby and my husband home, then pulled the wagon to fetch Bernetta and James. I never wailed until that night when I went in the barn. There was the plow, the harness. There was Ad's old hat. Not Union nor Rebel. A farmer's hat, meaning not bullets but seed.

"It isn't finished!"

The baby brought me back, Lucinda and her beginning. Heavy as we were, we had to get up and go on.

No Men in the Fields

March, this farm and I expect.
No uniformed husband returns.
The fields will not wait.
I fit my hands to plow
find those worn indentations
where generations of his hands
have pushed this earth to fertility.
I drape the reins around my shoulders,
bend my body for leverage
rest breasts against the cross-piece.
My belly full with child,
I struggle,
turn the earth to narrow rows.

April, letters and news
are also strangers here.
It is not the waiting,
it is the not knowing.
Seeds thirst beneath the ground,
strain for water and light.
I leave the fields in pang and prayer.
Alone upon the bed
I lean into the pain
birth a child,
cut and tie the bond of early life
Bathe our son.

— Sherrell R. Wigal

Sherell R. Wigal's poems have been published in ***Appalachian Heritage***, ***Crazy River***, ***Confluence*** *and* ***Grab-a-Nickel****. "No Men in the Fields" was inspired by the PBS Series "Civil War." A scout sent ahead of the army reported back that he saw no men, even in the fields.*

Anthony W. Reevy

Hunting on Purgatory

Meeting rose uneasily, reluctantly. Much had been said. The men and women filed out of the meeting house in silence. Outside it was sunny and warm, a beautiful Indian Summer day.

Ethan Billingsley blinked as he walked down the rough-hewn meeting house steps. His Rachel and their sons Paul and Tom followed. The brilliant sunlight was in stark contrast to their clothes. Everyone in the congregation wore plain dress, the men in black coats, trousers and hats, the women in black dresses with black hoods. Ethan and Rachel made a mismatched pair — he towered almost a foot over her.

Jacob Lindley approached Ethan. "Friend Billingsley," he said, "What do thou say? What will thou do if the conscription man comes for thee and thy boys?"

Ethan started to speak, then looked down and was silent. Finally, he looked up at the man. "Friend Lindley, I cannot tell," he said. "I will let the Lord guide me then."

Lindley looked into Ethan's eyes. "Be careful of thy immortal soul, Ethan," he said. "Thou hast always been quick to anger and quick to act." Ethan shook his head and looked away in silence.

Noonday sun slanted through the trees as Ethan rounded one of the last bends in the road. Asheboro meeting was about an hour's walk from Ethan's place at the foot of Purgatory Mountain. The Billingsleys didn't get home until dinner time most first days.

Ethan led the way. His wife followed on her horse, and the boys straggled along behind. Although he was on watch for the conscription man, Ethan looked back at his wife every now and again. Rachel was strong of heart but frail of body, and didn't like to walk to meeting. She had had a very hard time when Tom was born. Ethan had to bring a doctor, which cost him ten silver dollars, and even so, Rachel had been barren since then. Most Uhwarrie farmers had large families of sturdy children, but Ethan and Rachel just had their two sons. He wished he had more boys, and a girl or two as well. Ethan's thoughts strayed to the younger women in meeting. Some of them were fruitful, he was sure. Damn good-looking too, some of them.

The rutted road, little more than a track in the red clay, wound sharply to the east and up Purgatory Mountain. The ground roundabout was littered with lumps of milky white quartz. Ethan walked a bit faster. His place was just around the next curve in the road.

His farm, when he caught sight of it, filled him with pride. He wondered how many times he had rounded this bend — a thousand, ten thousand, a hundred thousand? Even so, seeing his farm always pleased him. The house, in and of itself, was not special — a mountain cabin with a stone chimney at one end. There were hundreds such in the Uhwarrie hills. But the cabin was well-kept, with no clapboards missing. Rachel's flowers grew in a bed in front of the wide porch, and a Clematis vine climbed the side of the house. A grape arbor stood to one side, heavy with ripe muscadines. The orderly outbuildings behind the house stood straight and true.

And the fields, the fields! Ethan's land was a rich bottom at the very base of the mountain. Most of the fields were bare now, spiked with stripped tobacco stems or dotted with shocks of corn. The pumpkin patch, though, was full of fine pumpkins, ranging from tan to orange in color.

Rachel drew her horse up beside Ethan. "Art thou ready for dinner?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes, Rachel, as ready as I have ever been. And thy boys are ready, too, I reckon."

They could hear the boys running in the distance, playing. Paul was 16, Tom 13. That Paul's too old to be playing, Ethan thought. "Stop that lollygagging, Paul," he yelled. The boys, off in the distance, stopped after hearing his angry voice.

"Tom, Paul," Rachel called, "fetch water to the house, please."

Ethan chuckled to himself. He always did when Rachel said please to their boys. Rachel grew up in a town family, in Greensborough. She had even gone to school for some years when she was little. Like most Greensborough Quakers, she was very strict. She wore plain dress and used plain speech. Gambling, drinking and swearing horrified her.

Ethan's upbringing had been different. He was a backwoodsman, a mountain man, a native of the Uhwarries and a Quaker, too. When his father had wanted Ethan to do something, he likely backed it up with a hickory switch. Rachel, though, never let Ethan strike the boys if she could help it.

"What will thee make for dinner?" Ethan asked, smiling, accenting the thee.

Rachel tossed her head. "Thou shall see what it is when it is ready." She dismounted, and led her horse behind the house to the barn.

Ethan was hungry. He went in the house, raked a coal out of the back of the fireplace and pulled a Salisbury Confederate out of the bin. The front sheet was covered with big, black letters that looked important. Rachel hadn't read it to him yet, so he put it aside. She insisted on his buying a newspaper whenever he went to town, even though they cost three cents in cash. He thought them to be extravagant, and often teased her that she was not living in simplicity.

Using the rest of the paper, Ethan built a fire in no time. And dinner did come quickly, considering Rachel had no girls to help her. The Billingsleys sat down to grace and to grits, ham biscuits, eggs, greens and cornbread from Saturday supper, milk and chicory coffee. The smell of salt-cured ham filled the cabin.

As they finished, Ethan noticed the headline sheet on the floor. "Pardon me," he said. He rose, walked to the fireplace, picked it up, and brought it back to the table. "What does this mean, Dearest?" He held it out to Rachel.

Rachel looked at the leaded headline. "It says that Petersburg is surrounded and General Lee is trapped. Now maybe this terrible war will end."

"The Yanks are beating us?" Paul asked, looking up.

"Paul," Ethan said, raising his voice. "You speak as if this were our war. We are set apart."

"Ethan," Rachel said, raising her voice too. "Mind thy plain speech. And thee too, Paul."

Ethan turned quickly from Paul to his wife. "Rachel, mind thy tongue. I'm the boy's father and I'll discipline him as I see fit."

Rachel was quiet for a minute — cowed, Ethan thought, by his anger. "As thee likes, Ethan," she finally said. "He is your son."

Although after a minute Ethan was sorry for his words, he didn't say so. To do so would, he thought, hurt his boys' discipline.

When dinner was finished, Ethan changed into buckskin and pulled his gun and powder horn down from the mantel. Rachel looked at him reprovingly. "Hunting on first day," she said, "and in worldly dress."

They had this argument every Sunday. It had become, Ethan thought, a first-day ritual like shaking hands at the end of meeting. "A man needs a chance to see his land, Rachel," he said.

"But can't thee stay home with thy family on first day?" she asked.

"I'm going," he said abruptly. "I'm looking for news of the conscription man."

"Very well, Ethan Billingsley, I see I cannot reason with thy worldliness," Rachel said. She paused for a minute, then looked up at him. "Be careful," she said gently. "And don't stay away from thy family for too long." She looked childlike, delicate, as her eyes held his.

"I promise to be back before dark," Ethan said. When Rachel's care for him broke through her piety, he always felt glad. And it warmed his blood. He looked even deeper down into her eyes. "I promise to be back before dark," he said again, "and I'll be ready for bed when I get back." Breaking away finally from her gaze, he walked to the cabin doorway, said his good-bye, and went outside.

Ethan headed for the path that followed a spur of Purgatory Mountain to its crest. The air was crisp and clear. The dogwoods and sourwoods were just beginning to change to the brilliant reds of autumn. Ethan admired the trees as he climbed the path. He could tell no one had been up his side of Purgatory that day because he kept walking into spider webs. After a little while, cobwebs hung from his face, hands and clothes.

Ethan could hear his wife sobbing. He dropped on one knee and raised his rifle. Its barrel poked out into the free air, making a black mark against the grapevine like a snake on a tree. Ethan took careful aim and tightened his finger on the trigger.

When the path reached the spur of the mountain and started a steeper climb, Ethan had to push through a laurel thicket. Working his way through the thicket was noisy, and he heard a sudden crashing. He had flushed a deer. The animal ran — he saw the flash of its white tail. When it thought it was safe, its curiosity got the better of its fear and it stopped to look at Ethan.

Ethan had it. He dropped on one knee and aimed his rifle. The deer peered at him curiously — it must have never seen a gun. Not sporting, Ethan thought to himself and I've got enough food at home for the boys. It bothered Rachel when he brought dead animals, anyway. He had to slaughter them far from the house.

When he lifted his gun and straightened up, the deer ran away. Too slow, thought Ethan, anyone else would have had you. He stood still for a minute. After the deer's crashing flight through the laurel died away, he heard only silence. The quiet of the mountains was like a presence. It was so still he thought he could hear drums at Salisbury Prison, far away on the other side of the Uhwarries. In a minute he started up the path again.

Ethan finally reached the end of the laurel thicket and began to pick his way across an outcrop of quartz. On either side of the path, as far as he could see, were prospect holes made by miners during the gold seeking days. As he passed the rocky patch and crested the mountain, Ethan heard a sound ahead. He stopped and listened. It was a man's footsteps. He ducked behind a tree, his moccasins noiseless even on the first crop of fallen leaves. The footsteps approached him and drew abreast of the tree. As they did, Ethan edged around it out of sight.

He peered out carefully at the man — it was Laban Wood, Ethan's nearest neighbor. Ethan called Laban loudly.

Laban jumped a foot, startled as he was. He turned around and looked at Ethan. "Might have known it was you," he said. "The conscription man's done stripped the Uhwarries of just about everyone but Quakers and old duffers like me. And I hear tell he's after Quakers now, too."

Ethan stiffened. "What have you heard, Laban?"

"Well, I got it right from the horse's mouth. The conscription man come by my house a couple of days ago. He was looking for any able-bodied men that might be hereabouts. Between 15 and 60 was what he was aiming for. Told him I was a few years too old for him, by God. Didn't tell him I didn't hold to no rebel cause, though."

"Damn him, he'll be after my boys next," Ethan said.

"Well now, Ethan, that sure ain't plain speech. Better not let Rachel catch you talking that way."

"Does he know my boys are here?"

"Well, hell, Ethan, I don't know. I sure didn't tell him nothing. I know you all believe from the Bible not to go to war, and I think a man can believe what he believes. But be careful, that conscription man's a mean one."

"If you see him again, tell him he'd better not come around my place," Ethan said. "I'm waiting for him."

"If you know what's good for you, you'll try to keep him from finding out about your place at all," Laban said.

Ethan was silent. He stared at the light

filtering through the trees.

Laban shifted uncomfortably. He looked up at the light, then down at his brogans. "You hunting?" he finally asked.

Ethan shook himself out of his silence. "Yeah," he said. "Just hunting. Got my old squirrel rifle out."

"Squirrel rifle, huh," Laban said. "Your daddy's Kentucky rifle's a squirrel rifle now, huh. Why, you could hit a bear's eye half a mile away with thing."

"Well, I don't shoot it off much, anyway."

"Yeah, you Billingsleys've always been an odd bunch. Your daddy was odd, and look at you — the best shot in the Uhwarries, and a Quaker who won't go to war. Don't make no sense at all."

It was late afternoon when Ethan started down Purgatory Mountain. Laban and he had talked more, then Ethan hunted a while longer. When the shadows lengthened, he knew it was time to head home. Like most first-day hunting trips, he didn't have anything to show for the afternoon.

When he got off the spur, Ethan smelled the wood smoke from his cabin, then he saw it rising over the trees. He walked faster, anticipating one of Rachel's first day suppers. Even at a fast clip, he was as quiet as an Indian.

Suddenly, he drew up. He had heard something unusual — a voice he didn't know. It carried over the dry, still air. If Ethan had been quiet before, he was silent now, silent and on his guard. He listened intently, and heard it again. It was a hard, uncouth voice, accented — a flatlander, someone from the low country to the east. Ethan heard enough to make that out, but he couldn't understand the words. He had to get closer without being seen.

Ethan crept off the path and moved through the woods behind his cabin. He went slowly, carefully, soundlessly. He put the voice out of his mind and concentrated on the lay of the land, on what was happening where. He reached his barn and used its cover to get close to the smokehouse. He sprinted to the smokehouse, halted there, then dashed under the grape arbor. From there, he could finally see the front of this cabin.

At first, what he saw was what he expected to see. Rachel sat on the porch, her head between her legs, her arms bundling herself. She rocked back and forth. Tom stood on the porch, his arms hanging by his side.

Ethan was aware of these things, maybe, but most of him was focused on his son, Paul. Paul stood facing a beefy man in Confederate uniform.

Ethan could hear his wife sobbing. He dropped on one knee and raised his rifle. Its barrel poked out into the free air, making a black mark against the grapevine like a snake on a tree. Ethan took careful aim and tightened his finger on the trigger.

The conscription man spoke again. Ethan could make out his words now. "You'll have plenty of chances to go up against the Yanks." the man said. "We may be surrounded, but we got a lot of fight left in us yet."

Ethan loosened his trigger finger and pulled his rifle back. The muscadine leaves quivered as the gun barrel disappeared into them. He shook his head as if to clear it, then looked back towards Paul and the man. He stayed in a crouch.

Paul spoke now, spoke to the conscription man. "I been meaning to join up ever since I heard tell of that devil, Sherman, about him marching through Georgia, a-burning and a-killing. We even got Yank-lovers here in North Carolina, fighting us here at home."

"Boy, we got them everywhere and they got Reb-lovers up North, too," the conscription man said.

Tom called to his brother from the porch. "Remember thy father's words, Paul Billingsley," he said. "We are set apart." Tom folded his arms and sat down heavily in one of the porch chairs. His face hardened.

The conscription man looked at Tom, then he looked back at Paul and laughed. "That boy's got a lot of spunk," he said. "You sure he's just thirteen?"

"Yeah, he's just a baby," Paul said. "He ain't ready for no war."

"Well, I'm glad you are, boy," the conscription man said. "We got us trouble, trouble everywhere. We can use every fighting man we can get." He looked up at Tom. "We'll be back for you in a couple of years boy," he called.

Ethan stood up quickly and nearly bumped his head on one of the crossbars of the arbor. He held his gun loosely in one hand and brushed aside the vine with the other. He wanted to be able to see clearly, wanted to look at Paul's face.

As he watched, Rachel looked up at Paul and the conscription man. With a suddenness that surprised Ethan, she ran out and put her arms around Paul. "Don't go, Paul," she screamed. "We'll lose you forever." She sobbed and clung to her son.

"I gotta go, Ma," Paul said. "They'll burn all of Dixie up if we don't stop 'em." He reached down, pried her thin hands apart and held them by the wrists in one of his hands. "I gotta go, Ma," he said again, softly. He let got of Rachel's hands.

"Yeah let the boy go," the conscription man said. "What you trying to do — make him yellow?"

Unsupported by her son, Rachel slid down his body to the ground. She put her arms around his legs listlessly. He simply stepped through them. She sobbed louder when he walked away from her.

"Come on, boy, we gotta go all the way to Salisbury," the conscription man said. He turned and started walking away. After a short look back at Rachel and the cabin, Paul followed him.

Ethan could hear his wife sobbing. He dropped on one knee and raised his rifle. He took careful aim, closed his eyes and fired.

Anthony Reevy is a public radio development director in Charlotte, N. C. He has published articles in ***National Railway Bulletin***, ***The State*** *and* ***Railfan and Railroad****.*

"I don't know why I'm doing a book about this War because it was a sad and terrible and bloody time for a great many people."

— Harriette Simpson Arnow, discussing ***Belle****, her work-in-progress, a novel set during the Civil War, in an interview with John Douglass, as a part of the Kentucky Oral History Project (1982).*

Gary Carden

BABBY'S TRUNK

My great-grandmother's nickname was "Babby." I don't know why. I once asked Babby's daughter the origin of the name. She looked perplexed. "You know, I don't rightly recollect," she said. The old woman was bedridden by then. Although she was almost deaf and had cataracts, she remained alert. On the first Sunday of each month, we all came to see her. The grandsons would put her in an aluminum lawn chair and place her on the front porch where she could watch her descendants mill about in the yard. At some point in the afternoon the great-grandchildren would be "introduced" to her. One by one, we were led forward.

"This is Gary Neil!" shouted my Aunt Elsie.

"Huh?" shouted Babby.

"John Lyndon's boy! The one that got killed!"

"John Lyndon?"

"Arthur's grandson, Babby! Arthur's raising him."

Then she would shove me forward, and Babby's liver-spotted hands would grasp my head and stare at my frightened, 12-year-old face.

Later, after an outdoor dinner, Babby would be returned to her bed, where she lay propped on pillows and watched the relatives come and go.

"Which one are ye?" she said. She had grasped my skinny neck and hauled me to her.

"I'm Gary Neil."

"Reach under this bed and haul that trunk out."

I did.

"Open it."

It had strange little compartments covered with faded cushions. Underneath were tintypes and photographs. All of them seemed to be of unsmiling people — men who stood stiffly behind seated women, one hand grasping a lapel; the other resting on the woman's shoulder. The women wore sunbonnets. Babby took one of the photographs from my hand and peered at it. In a moment, she gave it back.

"Does that man have on a black string tie?"

"Yes'm."

"Then that's William and me on our wedding day."

I looked at the man's dour face. "He looks mad about something."

Babby almost smiled. "Don't guess I heard William laugh a dozen times in 50 years."

"How come?"

The prolonged silence made me think that the old woman hadn't heard me.

"I guess it was what happened to his daddy," she finally said.

The screen door slammed. In the distance I could hear grandsons organizing a visit to the graveyard to see if the "weeds has took over." Engines cranked, doors slammed and the calvacade chugged up the road to Mount Gilead Church.

"What happened to his daddy?"

"Bryant," she said. "Your great-great granddaddy. He was kilt."

"In the Civil War?"

"Not exactly." She pulled a curtain aside and looked out the window as though she were confirming something.

"He was in the war, though. Joined up in Clayton, Ga., and got sent to Virginny." She prodded and pointed at a pasteboard box in the trunk. "Open that."

The box contained a single letter, two pages that were foxed and creased. When I opened it, I was astonished by the elegant, looping letters, some decorated with twining flowers; some shaped like flying birds. Babby smiled.

"Fancy, ain't it? He writ a beautiful hand, Bryant did." Again her finger prodded me.

"Read me that last few lines."

Haltingly, I read. "Tomorrow, we move to Fall's Church, and from there to Pennsylvania. It is summer here, and the cornfields make me sick for home and your face. I must stop now, as it is beginning to rain."

Babby laughed. "That's the part. The rain! Now, look at that letter close!" I turned the fragile paper to the light and saw scores of blotched letters. Raindrops.

"Two days atter that, he was shot in some little trifling skirmish in Pennsylvania. Lost his right arm. They sawed the broken bone off and seared the stump with a red-hot wagon bolt. He was captured and ended up in a Yankee hospital. Almost died from the infection. He was traded in a prisoner exchange and ended up in a Confederate hospital where he stayed 'til the spring of '63 when they let him come home."

Babby looked at me as though she had forgotten who I was. Then she went on. "William was 'bout your age when his daddy come back. Terrible wasted, he was. Set for weeks before the fire and tried to tell them what had happened. It wasn't just the arm he lost. He had seen things that made him feel different about the world. But he mended.

"Come spring, he set about trying to farm. Fixed his plow so's he could handle it with one arm. Plowed and planted twenty acres of cornfield. William saw him trying to write with his left hand, and atter a time, he begin to talk about teaching school. That's what he always wanted to do. . .teach. Then it happened.

"They called them Kirk's Raiders. That was the man that was in command. . . Kirk. They were. . .foraging, ye see. That's what they called it. They robbed and stole. Burned homes and shot innocent people."

Babby's voice had changed, the words grown angry and sharp like hurled stones. "Bryant was in the field when they come. He knowed better than to resist. . .just stood and watched them trample his corn down. They took his horse and the mule. Killed the pig and hauled it away. What they couldn't take, they ruined. Killed the chickens and poured water in the bee gum. William said his daddy just stood there in the field.

"Killing Bryant seemed to be a afterthought. William said they was leaving whooping and hollering when Kirk stopped and rode back to where

Bryant was standing. He took his sword out and sorta flicked Bryant's coat. It was his Confederate coat, all ragged with the sleeve pinned up. William said he smiled at Bryant and said, 'You, sir, wear the colors of the enemy.' Then he shot him in the face. Two men hauled him to the house and pitched him up on the porch.

"Bryant's wife waited until they were gone, and then she hit out for the nearest neighbors. Back then, that was about 15 miles away. She left William on the porch with his daddy's body. She was gone all night. Next morning when she got back, she couldn't find William. Called him, but they got no answer. Finally, the neighbor found him. He was hid in the chimley-corner, a little shelf back behind the chimley. Wouldn't talk. Over a year before he started talking again.

"Like ye said, child, he allus looked like he was mad about something." Babby laughed a mirthless laugh. "He was, I guess. The older he got, the madder he got. Wasn't just what Kirk did to his daddy. He was mad about the difference between Bryant's handwriting and his. Used to say he lost more than a daddy. . .something fine and wonderful that went out of life like them roses that twined around the words in his daddy's letter."

When Papaw got back from Mount Gilead, Babby was asleep. I was throwing rocks in the creek when he come to say we were going home.

"Is Bryant buried at Mount Gilead?" I said.

"Bryant! Momma been telling ye 'bout Bryant?"

I nodded.

"No, he's buried somewheres else. They come once and moved him to a Confederate graveyard. Might be in Swain County."

"How come you don't know for sure?"

"Oh, law, son, that was a long time ago. 'Course, Momma, she's still mad about it, and it weren't her kin!" He shook his head and laughed. "Still mad!"

I threw another rock. "Me, too," I said. "Me, too."

*Gary Carden is a storyteller and lecturer in Sylva, N.C. His recollections of school days appeared in the **Now and Then** Spring 1993 issue on Education.*

Field Trip to Montgomery, 1965

We left by nine, took the old highway south
past Clanton and the cemetery
where our driver said the soldiers were,
and we should go one day if we
cared and wanted to know the real truth
about the boys in gray, how they died so
the coloreds could live like they wanted,
happy in the quarters and the fields.

But we didn't listen, squirmed on cracked
leather seats and thought only of lunch,
how far it was to the bathroom and if there'd
be time to sneak away, run screaming through
the halls of the capitol just to say we did it.

And when the bus parked across the street
from ol' Jeff's house, we couldn't believe
how small it was. Those columns looked
so tall in the history book, and we were sure
there'd be secret rooms where the gold was kept
and we'd be the first to find it.

A woman who smelled like lilac
and hair spray made us walk in single
file and promise not to talk because we might
disturb a ghost — "ha, ha!" But there weren't any,
and the first floor was nothing but
stuffed chairs and weird pictures
of little kids dressed like grownups.

At the top of the stairs, she showed us
a bible, let us touch it and said
we should never forget how many died for us,
so far away from home, and a gentleman or lady
never said "lost."

But then our luck changed: somebody's nose
started to bleed and the woman told us not
to panic, sat the girl on a couch and held her
hand, said it would be all right.

And two of us jumped a rope, almost touched
a rifle hung above a bureau, and pressed every
panel in the room to see if this was the one.
But there was nothing except a flag under glass,
just like the one that flew above our school,
every courthouse in the state.

Back on the bus most of the kids slept,
faces smeared with the moonpie and grape drink
we brought for a snack, the long ride home.
But a few listened, thought the gun part
was neat and wondered how many men it killed.

And when the bus passed the turnoff
to the cemetery, and we heard the speech
about the slaves again, we chose sides and woke
the rest with our bloody yells. We fired across
the seats, shot and killed Yank or Reb,
but got up and wore the other color, because
it was just a game, no matter what the driver
or the woman said, and only we knew it.

— William Miller

Reviews

This Terrible Sound: The Battle of Chickamauga

by Peter Cozzens

University of Illinois Press
Champaign, 1992
$39.95 (hardcover)

By mid-1863 the fortunes of the South and the Confederate Army were in serious decline. Lee's advance into the North had ended at Gettysburg, a thrust into Kentucky from Tennessee had been turned back while the federals had taken Vicksburg and were threatening control of the entire Mississippi.

The attention of Presidents Lincoln and Davis had turned to Middle Tennessee where the Union Army of the Cumberland, under the command of William Starke Rosecrans, and the Confederate Army of Tennessee commanded by Braxton Bragg, were encamped. The two generals had clashed months earlier in the bloody battle of Stones River, near Murfreesboro. Bragg had been forced to withdraw and both sides had settled in to await the next move by their commanders-in-chief.

Lincoln was anxious that Bragg be prevented from marching westward to Vicksburg to reinforce the Confederate effort there. Accordingly, Rosecrans directed an ingenious assault on Bragg, encamped along the Stones river, which forced the Army of Tennessee to retreat into Chattanooga and then northern Georgia.

After some prodding by Lincoln, Rosecrans pursued the Confederates and, in the fall of 1863, the two armies clashed at Chickamauga, one of the bloodiest and strangest battles of the war. The Confederates carried the battle, forcing Rosecrans to retreat to Chattanooga. However, Bragg did not pursue the vanquished blue coats, and in the political bickering and finger pointing that followed, any hope for tactical advantage was lost. Some historians maintain Chickamauga was the last chance for the South to carry the war.

Peter Cozzens, author of *This Terrible Sound: The Battle of Chickamauga*, has assembled an impressive array of source materials to recreate the two days that ended in embarrassing defeat for the Union. All told, Union and Confederate losses were nearly 4,000 dead and more than 24,000 wounded.

While Cozzens' attention to detail can be cumbersome at times — particularly in detailing troop movements — his simple style and eye for telling anecdote serve to bring most portions of the book to life.

According to Cozzens, Chickamauga is the story of two eccentric generals. Capable, yet flawed, both men paid a heavy price following the battle.

Kenneth Murray

Monument in "Battle Line" area of Chickamauga – Chattanooga National Battlefield, near Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

"General Bragg," said Lt. Col. Archer Anderson, "seemed to know always what ought to be done, to possess the decision and the will to order it to be done, but, by some strange lack of gift, where so many gifts abounded, he could not do it himself and he could not make others do it."

William Gale, nephew of corps commander Leonidas Polk, said: "Bragg was obstinate yet without firmness, ruthless without enterprise, crafty yet without stratagem, suspicious, envious, jealous, vain, a bantam in success and a dunghill in disaster."

Of Rosecrans, Maj. Gen. Jacob Cox wrote: "Rosecran's perceptions were acute and often intuitively clear. His fertility was great. He lacked poise and there was the fatal defect of the liability to be swept away by excitement and to lose all efficient control of himself and of others in the very crisis when complete self-possession is the essential quality of a great general."

Cozzens follows both men throughout the battle — his descriptions of Rosecrans' decision to quit the field and flee to Chattanooga and Bragg's inability to see victory are impressive pieces of writing.

Cozzens is also up to the task of bringing the battle to life, while providing in substantial detail, the confusing array of men and weaponry. Consider the plight of W.C. Brown of the 93rd Ohio, wounded in the leg and left alone on the battlefield: Confederate soldiers spread a blanket on the ground for Brown to lie on and provided a cartridge box for a pillow.

"Boys, an hour or two ago we were engaged in shooting each other and now you are treating me with the greatest kindness," he (Brown) said. "Well, old fellow, we are doing to you as we should like to be done by. It may come our turn next," replied one of the Rebels.

As an aside, mention might be made of the presence of writer Ambrose Bierce and the poet William Lytle at Chickamauga. Bierce's war tales, recently collected and republished in paperback, make an engaging complement to Cozzens.

Coming in at more than 500 pages, much of it devoted to battlefield movements, *This Terrible Sound* may prove daunting to all but the committed student of the Civil War. However, Cozzens has crafted a story well within the grasp of even the mildly curious.

—Keith Miles

Keith Miles is a 1980 graduate of East Tennessee State University. He is Director of Communications for Tennessee Senator James Sasser and lives in Nashville.

Reviews

The Papers of Zebulon Baird Vance

edited by Frontis W. Johnston

Volume I, 1843-1862

State Department of Archives and History, Raleigh, North Carolina

1963

$15 (hardcover)(plus $3 postage)

Zeb Vance was to North Carolina what Stonewall Jackson was to West Virginia or Davy Crockett to Tennessee — a paragon of mountaineer virtues. Imposing in physique and dynamic in presence, a gifted orator, and a shrewd judge of character, Vance emerged from western North Carolina politics in the late antebellum period, becoming governor of the state at the age of 32 and achieving a reputation as the South's greatest Civil War governor. He himself contributed to his own legend in his later years, through public recollections of his birth in a Buncombe county log house, the trials of his widowed mother, and his uncouth backwoods appearance when he presented himself at the state university in Chapel Hill. But he also confessed privately that he had adopted " the rough and unpolished ways which I so early affected as stepping stones to popularity among a rude mountain people."

In fact, Vance's origins were not so roughhewn as he liked to make out. Like Stonewall Jackson, Vance lost his father at an early age, but also like Jackson, the influence of a large and influential family cushioned the hardships that less-well-connected fatherless children might have faced. Early on family connections brought him the support of a powerful mentor, former governor David Swain, who among other encouragements sponsored Vance's sojourn at Chapel Hill, the thing that Vance believed more than any other to have propelled him out of the "village loafers" of Asheville toward his achievements in public life.

Like many representatives of the mountain elite, Vance vigorously opposed secession during the crisis of 1860-1861 and then just as vigorously leapt to the military defense of the Confederacy after Lincoln's call for troops of April 15, 1861. He spent the first year of the war as a soldier and then in August 1862 was elected governor for reasons that he explained bluntly to Jefferson Davis:

> The late election after sixteen month of war and membership with the Confederacy show conclusively that the original advocates of secession no longer hold the ear of our people, without the warm and ardent support of the old Union men No. Carolina could not so promply (sic) and generously have been brought to the support of the seceding states and without the same influence constantly and unremittingly given the present status could not be maintained forty eight hours. These *are facts*.

This edition of Vance's letters covers the years of his youth and early manhood but is devoted predominately (266 of 343 items) to the year 1862. The earlier material provides a sketchy but occasionally revealing portrait of Vance's political coming of age. Only 36 of the letters pertaining to his first gubernatorial term are actually *from* Vance, as compared with 204 letters addressed to him. Collectively these documents provide a detailed account of the problems that he confronted as war governor. While eastern North Carolina was troubled by Union occupation, runaway slaves, and full barns whose produce could not be brought to market, Piedmont towns choked with refugees form the war zones and sought to balance patriotic appeals for sacrifice with the opportunities for moneymaking brought about by the Confederacy's urgent need for food and war material. As military conscription bit into the mountain districts' thin reserves of manpower, reports from Vance's friends at home warned of starvation on highland farms stripped of their able-bodied males and of gathering resistance by bands of Union sympathizers and Confederate deserters holed up in the mountains along the Tennessee border. Meanwhile, North Carolina soldiers starved and froze in their Virginia camps and the whole state starved for salt, the essential preservative of the day, which could only be obtained from Virginia or foreign sources and which engaged all of the issues that Vance daily confronted during his tenure as governor: issues of the relations between southern state governments and with the Confederate government in Richmond, of the equitable distribution of scarce resources in a market economy and of the need to balance the requirements of daily life with those of a war time emergency. Vance's creative response to the crisis — a kind of state-managed war socialism — is less fully outlined here than are the conditions that called it forth.

The *Vance Letters* are enhanced by editorial annotations that are detailed without being intrusive. While the letters here deal mainly with public affairs, there are occasional glimpses of private life — as in Vance's attempt to moderate a quarrel between his wife and his mother over a worthless in-law — and also of humor — as in the case of the Waynesville soldier who won an army discharge "on the ground of permanent, constitutional imbecility," and then went home to study law "with flattering progress," only to be threatened anew with conscription. The volume has an index, but as Vance or one of his contemporaries might have said, this apparatus "is but a feeble instrument," a reminder that this otherwise informative and entertaining volume derives from a pre-digital age.

— John Alexander Williams

John Alexander Williams is the head of the Center for Appalachian Studies at Appalachian State University in Boone, N.C.

"He remembered the story he had heard of General Sherman saying goodbye to his cadets in Alexandria, Louisiana, when word came of Fort Sumter. With tears in his eyes, he had said to them, 'I may have to meet you again on the battlefield.' He imagined himself on a horse somewhere, caught in a boy's sights, the boy himself fixed in the sights of one of the sharpshooters under his own command — all these assembled here mourning the death of the boy, celebrating his own death. Either was always both victory and defeat, a Janus-faced event."

— David Madden, "A Fever of Dying" in *Homewords: A Book of Tennessee Writers*

Reviews

Further Reading: Appalachia in the Civil War

by Peter Wallenstein

Lincoln's Loyalists: Union Soldiers from the Confederacy by Richard Nelson Current. Northeastern University Press, Boston, 1992. *Lincoln's Loyalists* focuses on white soldiers; therefore men from East Tennessee and West Virginia are the main players, though men from Northern Alabama and other places figure as well.

The Other South: Southern Dissenters in the Nineteenth Century by Carl N. Degler. Harper and Row, New York, 1974. Parts of this book outline the long-term tensions between white southerners from Appalachia and those from the lowcountry—before and after as well as during the Civil War.

The Tennessee Civil War Veterans Questionnaires compiled by Colleen M. Elliott and Louise A. Moxley. Five volumes; Southern Historical Press, Easley, S.C., 1985. These questionnaires were distributed in Tennessee in the 1910s and 1920s. Volume 1 contains more than 100 responses from Unionists, most of them white veterans from East Tennessee. Scattered through all five volumes are several hundred responses from Confederate veterans from East Tennessee.

Poor but Proud: Alabama's Poor Whites by Wayne Flynt. University of Alabama Press, Tuscaloosa, 1989. One chapter, "A Poor Man's Fight," points out important facts including: most soldiers from North Alabama were Confederates, not Unionists; dead soldiers meant a shortage of husbands and fathers as well as of workers; and the loss of livestock meant economic devastation for many families even when the men survived.

Drift toward Dissolution: The Virginia Slavery Debate of 1831-1832 by Alison Goodyear Freehling. Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, 1982. *Drift Toward Dissolution* tells about the major differences and political tensions between eastern and western Virginia from the 1820s to the formation of West Virginia during the Civil War.

Mountain Masters, Slavery, and the Sectional Crisis in Western North Carolina by John C. Inscoe. University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, 1989. This book points out how important slaveholding could be, even in Appalachia. Emphasizing the period before the Civil War, it takes the story through secession.

"Women's Role in Civil War Western North Carolina," by Gordon B. McKinney. **North Carolina Historical Review** 69 (January 1992): 37-56. This account provides an assessment of Apppalachian women during the Civil War.

Victims: A True Story of the Civil War by Phillip S. Paludan. University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, 1981. Focusing on a massacre of Union supporters in Western North Carolina, this study demonstrates the divided loyalties of the Appalachian South.

From Slave South to New South: Public Policy in Nineteenth-Century Georgia, by Peter Wallenstein. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1987. A chapter on the Civil War focuses on the theme of feeding families of Confederate soldiers, especially from North Georgia.

"Which Side Are You On? The Social Origins of White Union Troops from Civil War Tennessee" by Peter Wallenstein. ***Journal of East Tennessee History*** 63 (1991): 72-103. This essay projects numbers for Union soldiers from East Tennessee.

The Battle of Mill Springs, Kentucky

"I hope I have God on my side, but I must have Kentucky."
—Abraham Lincoln

In late 1861, Kentucky found itself with two governments: the officially neutral but largely pro-Union government in Frankfort and the provisional Confederate State Government, which declared Bowling Green its capital. Though these capitals were in the Bluegrass and the western part of the state, respectively, it was in the Appalachian portion of Kentucky that their fates were decided.

In January, 1862, Union General George H. Thomas moved his troops into Mill Springs, Wayne County, in the Cumberlands under orders to attack the Confederate forces of Major General George Crittenden, who had taken command from Brigadier General Felix Zollicoffer. The Federal troops were to clear a path across the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee. They attacked on January 19. The Confederate troops held their position and were winning the battle when Zollicoffer mistook Union soldiers for his own men and was killed. That mishap shook the Confederate soldiers, and the Union troops forged on to victory. The Union army suffered 38 casualties, the Confederate army, 190.

The battle began the death knell for the Confederates in Kentucky. Though the government in Bowling Green persisted and Confederate troops captured Frankfort for several weeks the following autumn, the break in the Confederate line of defense at Mill Springs had cleared the way for massive Union movement southward and contributed to the eventual fall of the Confederacy.

— Laurene Scalf

Reviews

East Tennessee in the Civil War as published by Overmountain Press

The Blevins family's Overmountain Press in Johnson City, Tenn., publishes, prints and sells books throughout the country. Manager Archer Blevins says that although Overmountain's specialty is regional history, more of the company's orders come from Californian customers than Appalachian buyers. These orders aren't surprising, Blevins says, since the history of the West is tied to the passage of Western settlers through the mountains of East Tennessee, Southwest Virginia and Western North Carolina. Books can be ordered directly from the Overmountain Press by writing them at P.O. Box 1261, Johnson City TN 37605.

Carter's Raid: An Episode of the Civil War in East Tennessee by William Garrett Piston. 1989. Samuel P. Carter was an East Tennessean who left home to find adventure in the nation's peacetime Navy. He found himself years later as a Navy lieutenant returning to his mountain home to lead Army men in service of the Union. Piston's book documents Union Army Brigadier General Samuel P. Carter of the Tennessee Volunteer Brigade's long-term effort to utilize loyalty of East Tennesseans during the Civil War and insure that the strategically important Appalachians or its people didn't recede into Confederate control. *$8.95 (paperback)*

Thrilling Adventures of Daniel Ellis: The Great Union Guide of East Tennessee for a Period of Nearly Four Years During the Great Southern Rebellion by Daniel Ellis. Original 1867 copyright by Harper & Brothers, reprinted 1989. This is a detailed romantic recollection by Ellis of his Union guiding in East Tennessee, complete with graphic descriptions of horrors inflicted by the Confederates. Typical entry: "One of the fiendish gang of desperadoes then raised his gun and fired and another poor Union man's soul suddenly winged its flight into Heaven." Includes map and original illustrations. *$19.95 (Hardcover)*

History of the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry in the War of the Rebellion: With the Armies of the Ohio and Cumberland, Under Generals Morgan, Rosecrans, Thomas, Stanley and Wilson by W. R. Carter. Original copyright by W.R. Carter, 1896. Reprinted 1992. The author recounts activities, movements and battles of the Confederate First Regiment from organization to return home. Original maps of each battlefield, assorted illustrations and photographs are included. *$21.95 (Hardcover)*

Overmountain Press' reprint of the book about an East Tennessee Union regiment, ***History of the Thirteenth Regiment - Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry*** by Samuel W. Scott and Samuel P. Angel, was reviewed in the Fall 1987 Appalachian Veterans issue of *Now and Then* magazine.

— compiled by Martin Edwards

"While I was engaged in filling my canteen from the crystal fountain my nose was saluted with a most horrible effluvium. . . I at once guessed they were poor fugitives who had been captured while they were trying to get through the lines," *from Thrilling Adventures of Daniel Ellis.*

Archives of Appalachia

(continued from page 4)

Early 20th century newspaper accounts of battles and skirmishes in East Tennessee and surrounding areas can be found in the John Fain Anderson scrapbooks. A resident of Washington County, Tenn., Anderson was a dedicated collector of clippings and memorabilia relating to East Tennessee.

One collection especially rich in Civil War-era documents is the Frederick S. Heiskell Collection. Heiskell was a journalist who, for many years, lived near Knoxville on a farm he called "Fruit Hill." His papers contain information on antebellum agriculture and railroad transportation, politics, abolition and slavery. Among the correspondents in the collection is 1860 presidential candidate John Bell of Tennessee.The collection also includes correspondence between Heiskell and his daughter, Susan Heiskell McCampbell, and genealogical information on the slaves who lived at Fruit Hill.

The Embree Family papers focus on the family history, abolition convictions and Quaker theology of the Embrees. Elihu Embree began the first abolition newspaper published in the United States, the *Manumission Intelligencer* (a year later changed to the *Emancipator*), in 1819 in Jonesborough, Tenn. (see page 28).

The Waterford vs. Baker case transcript concerns litigation involving Adam Waterford, a free black from Tazewell County, Va., who moved to Sullivan County, Tenn., in 1817. The litigation reveals that Waterford owned a slave, his brother, Walter. The case thus contains valuable information on free blacks, slavery and economic activities in the antebellum period in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee.

The Burton-Manning Collection and the Burton Collection contain audiotapes which include renditions of stories and events relating to the Civil War. These stories are ones which have been handed down from generation to generation.

For more information write or call the Archives of Appalachia, Sherrod Library, Box 70665, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, Tennessee, 37614-0665 (615-929-4338).

—Norma Myers, Head of Archives and Marie Tedesco, Public Service Archivist

Music

Sparky Rucker is a folk musician, historian and folklorist from Knoxville, Tenn. He and his wife Rhonda tour the United States performing their costumed historic epic, "The Blue and Gray in Black and White."

"Cumberland Gap," which is included in that show, was written by Confederate soldiers to commemorate a September 1862 battle. Tennessee Confederates, led by General Braxton Bragg, routed the Union forces then occupying Cumberland Gap.

"Long Tom" was the name given to the large siege cannon the Yankees had used to capture the Gap. They fled in defeat so fast that they had to "spike" their cannons, including "Long Tom."

The Ruckers sing "Cumberland Gap" on their latest release from Flying Fish Records, "The Blue and Gray in Black and White."

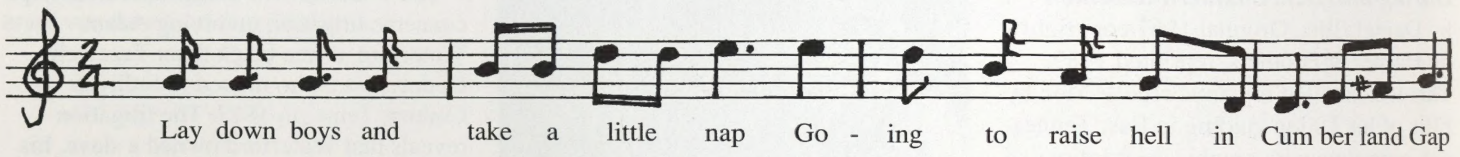
— Ed Snodderly

Van Meade

Sparky and Rhonda Rucker

Cumberland Gap

Traditional 1862



Lay down, boys, and take a little nap (repeat twice)
Going to raise hell in Cumberland Gap.

First white man in Cumberland Gap
Was ole Doc Walker, an English chap.

September morning '62
Morgan's Yankees all withdrew.

They spiked Long Tom on a mountain top
And over the cliff they let him drop.

They burned the hay, the mill and the meat
They left them rebels with nothing to eat.

Braxton Bragg with his rebel band
He run George Morgan to the bluegrass land.

Cumberland Gap it's not very far;
Just a little piece from Middles bar.

Flying Fish Records p & c 1992 FF70611
Booking and correspondence for Sparky and Rhonda Rucker:
2226 Brooks Road, Knoxville, Tenn. 37915, 615-546-0469

Old Soldier's Mountain Home

Photo from Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University

The sprawling Veterans Affairs Medical Center in Johnson City, Tenn., began as an old soldier's home for Union veterans of the Civil War. Competing with northern states, East Tennessee Congressman Walter Preston Brownlow convinced Congress that his district deserved the home for the many Union veterans in the area.

Chosen by a committee in Washington for the salubrious breezes and grand view of the mountains and placed upwind from Johnson City so that germs wouldn't be carried to town, Mountain Home opened in the fall of 1903. Mr. Leab from Jonesborough became its first resident, and 1,800 former soldiers soon moved in. The home was the area's largest employer. No former rebels were to be served there. However, Ken Harrison, a social worker at Mountain Home who has an interest in the history of the hospital, has heard that Confederate veterans were treated: "When I first came here in 1966, T.J. Browning, who was in charge of the domiciliary, told me that there were several rebel soldiers who came in here for treatment. The clerks knew (that they had been rebels), so they would say, 'We have to check with Washington for your records.' They'd take the Confederates in, and by the time they got the information from Washington (that the soldiers had fought for the South), the rebel veterans had been treated and were gone. Mountain Home always had a heart."

Today, as part of the vast Veterans Affairs system throughout the country, the Mountain Home facility has a 350-bed hospital, a 195-bed nursing home care unit, a new domiciliary (a residential facility for veterans) that houses 600 and a national cemetery. It remains one of the area's largest employers.

This photograph shows the original hospital's courtyard that has been filled in with a new hospital building. Many of the original buildings still stand at Mountain Home including the front of this original hospital, domiciliary buildings, staff housing, theater, chapel and morgue.

Jim Tucker and daughter Mary Tucker participate in a Civil War re-enactment at the Tipton-Haynes Historic Site, 1993. They are dressed as Union "Zouave" soldiers from the 5th NY Zouave Regiment. During the Civil War there were more than 50 Zouave units in both the Union and Confederate armies who wore uniforms fashioned after French Zouave (Algerian) troops. Their colorful uniforms and fancy marching style were said to entice men to enlist.

Photo by Alice Anthony

NOW AND THEN

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